

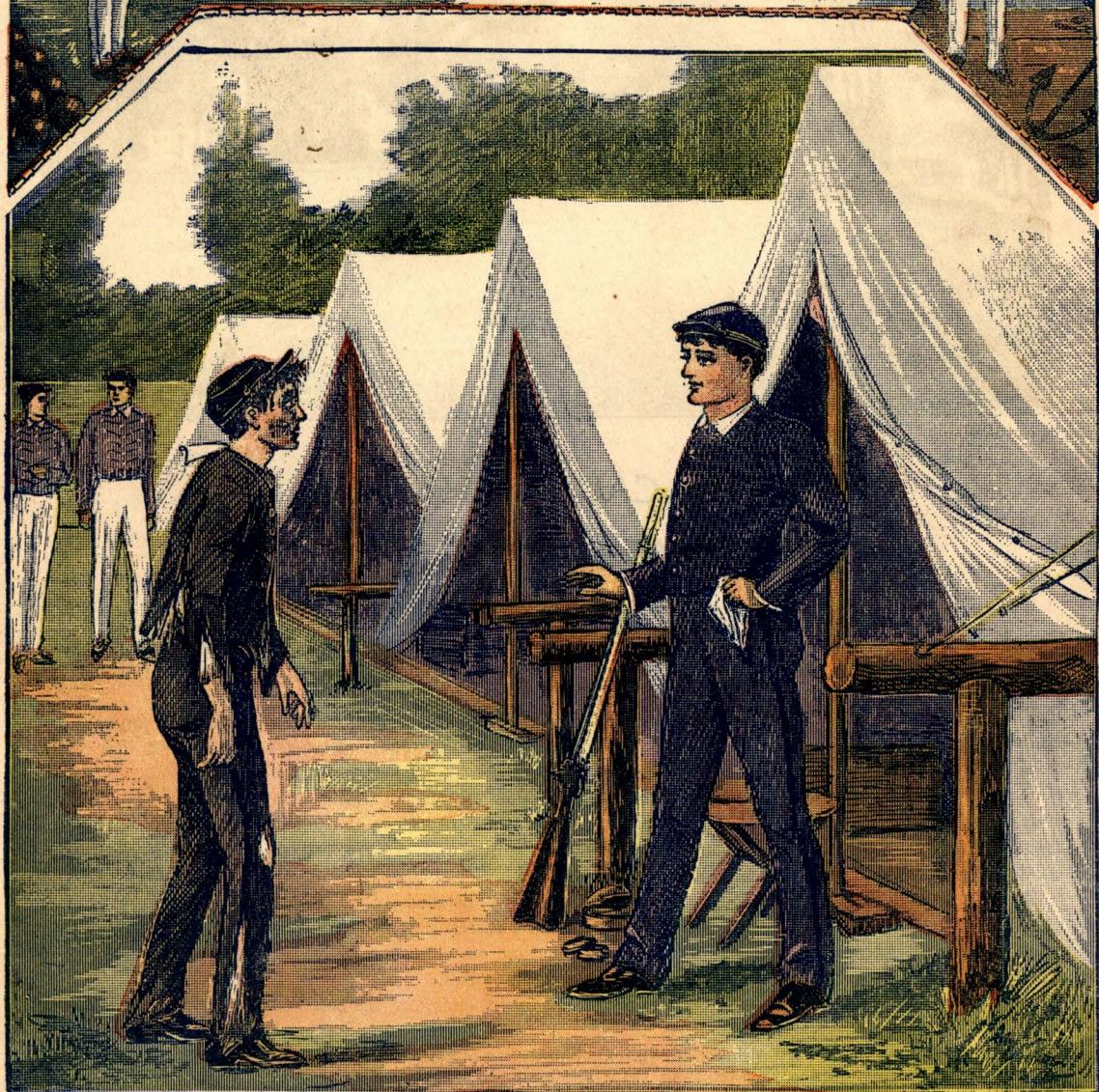
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STORIES OF CADET LIFE
At West Point and Annapolis
complete in this number.

5 CENTS

ARMY AND NAVY

THE MONARCH OF JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS



"For heaven's sake what has happened, Dewey? cried Mark, springing to his feet.
("A Midnight Hazing," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A. Complete in this number)

Vol. 1
No. 28

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.

DECEMBER 25, 1897.
Subscription Price, \$2.50 Per Year.



THE CADET CHAPEL, UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

By JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

ADJOINING the library and in line with the row of officers' residences in the older part of the grounds stands the Cadet Chapel.

There is nothing about the outside of the building to attract one or to distinguish it from any ordinary chapel, but the associations connected with it and the collection of objects of naval interest in the interior make it one of the interesting features of the Academy.

There are to be seen various tablets erected in honor of certain officers and cadets, who in many ways made themselves heroes in the eyes of the world by giving up their lives in the performance of brave and daring acts. There are also several commemorative windows that speak strongly of heroism and bravery, and that inspire the cadets with feelings of emulation and manliness.

There is at all times a naval chaplain attached to the Academy, detailed by the Secretary of the Navy for duty there three or four years at a time. His duties to the cadets and officers stationed at the Academy are similar to those of any clergyman of his parish. Sunday morning is the only time on which the cadets assemble in the chapel, and at that time there is a regular service lasting for about an hour and a half.

Some member of the Academy band presides at the pipe organ, and from the battalion a volunteer cadet choir is formed.

Every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, after a formal inspection of quarters by the Commandant and his assistants, the battalion is formed in front of quarters and then follows a full dress inspection of the ranks. After inspection several church parties fall out, and, by special permission, are allowed to attend church in the town of Annapolis.

The rest of the cadets are marched in a body to the chapel and there attend the regular service.

During graduation week the chapel comes into more general use, and on the morning of graduation day the cadets are assembled there to listen to an address delivered to the graduates by some noted clergyman invited for the occasion.

After the address, the battalion is formed outside the chapel and marched to the front of the band stand where the Secretary of the Navy concludes the exercises of the week and the four years' course of the cadets by delivering to the tried and true the well-earned diplomas.

ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

Issued weekly. By subscription, \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office STREET & SMITH, 238 William Street, New York. Copyrighted 1897.

Editor, - - - ARTHUR SEWALL.

December 25, 1897.

Vol. 1. No. 28.

Price, Five Cents.

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CHRISTMAS GREETING.

WE wish the readers of Army and Navy the merriest Christmas ever experienced by them. We hope this grand old holiday will bring to them joy and pleasure and an abundance of loving gifts that will tax Father Santa Claus' pack to the utmost. A Merry Christmas to you all!



A CHRISTMAS SONG.

IF I were Father Christmas, and
Christmas he were me,
The "gay and festive season" should
still more festive be;
I would not go where plenty was reign-
ing over all
And where I'm always welcome, but
give the poor a call.

I might, as I was passing, just give
the rich a nod,
To show that my behavior was not so very odd;
But where the slums were thickest and folks were in
distress,
I'd settle down and struggle to make their troubles less.

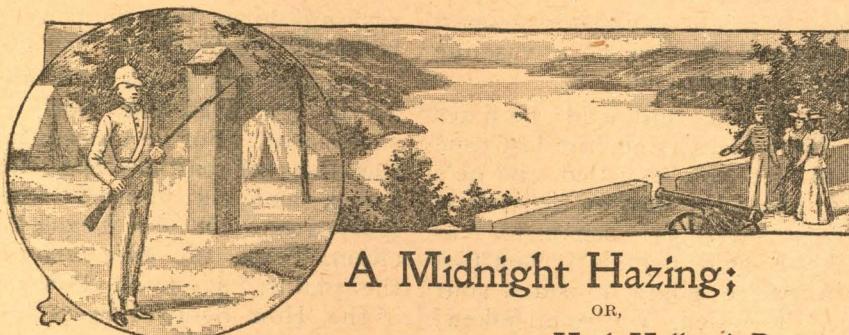
In every house that wanted a sign of Christmas cheer—
And goodness knows how many are even worse than
drear—

I would not waste a moment, but give the magic cue
For "exit all that's dreary, and enter all that's new!"

In fact, the change in slum-land should be so all-com-
plete

That one should think a genie had wandered down the
street.

Ah! just for one day only, how jovial it would be
If I were Father Christmas, and Christmas he were me!



A Midnight Hazing;

OR,

Mark Mallory's Revenge.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE SEVEN DEVILS SWEAR VENGEANCE.

"For Heaven's sake, man, what has happened?"

The cause of this exclamation was a strange looking figure. He was a lad of about eighteen, with a handsome, merry face and brown curly hair. He wore the uniform of a fourth class cadet at West Point, a "plebe." At the moment the uniform was dirty and torn, and his face was far from handsome. It was bruised and blue in lumps, and there were ugly places of a bright red, lending a startling effect indeed.

The speaker was also a cadet, tall and more heavily built. He had been sitting at his tent door rubbing his gun diligently, but he sprang up in alarm when he espied the other.

"What on earth has happened to you, Dewey?" he repeated.

The lad called "Dewey" laughed to himself, in spite of his sorry condition.

"I don't just exactly know," he said. "B'gee, I've forgotten lots of things in the last ten minutes. I'll come in and think 'em over and tell you."

He entered the tent, and after gazing at himself ruefully in the looking-glass that hung by the tent pole, wet a towel and fell to washing things gently.

"B'gee!" he muttered. "Mark Mallory, there's going to be no end of trouble on account of this."

"You haven't told me yet," said the other. "You don't mean that you've been getting hazed some more?"

"Would you call it hazing," responded

Dewey, "if you'd been pummelled until you looked like rare beef? You needn't be getting angry about it. We'll have plenty of time for that later. Meantime, just you listen to my tale of woe, b'gee! I was down on Flirtation Walk a while ago, off in a lonely part. And all of a sudden I came across half a dozen yearlings. One of them was Bull Harris, that confounded rascal that's been trying all the dirty tricks on you. And when he saw me he turned to the other cadets and called: 'There's one of the gang now! We might just as well start at what we agreed on.' And then, b'gee, they started. Do you think that eye'll shut up entirely?"

"What did they do?" demanded the other, his blood boiling as he surveyed his comrade's bruises.

"Well, b'gee, they sailed up in the first place and began a lot of talking. 'You belong to that Mallory gang, don't you?' said Bull Harris. 'Yes,' says I, 'I do, and I'm proud of it, too. What's the matter with Mallory?' 'Matter?' roared one of them, the fellow they call Gus Murray. 'B'gee, he's the confoundedest freshest plebe that ever came to this Academy. Hasn't he dared to refuse to let us haze him? Hasn't he played all kinds of tricks upon us, made life miserable for us? Hasn't he even dared to go to the hop, something no plebe has ever dared to do in the history of West Point?' 'Seeing that you're asking the question, b'gee,' I said, 'I don't mind telling you by way of answer that he has, and also that he's outwitted you and licked you at every turn. And that he'll do it again the first chance

he gets, and b'gee, I'll be there to help him, too! How's that?"

Here the reckless youngster paused while he removed the cork of a vaseline bottle; then he continued.

"That made old Bull wild; he hates you like fury, Mark, since the last time he tried to get you expelled, and he's simply wild about the way we fooled him with that treasure. He began to rear around like a wild man. 'If you fool plebes think we're going to stand your impudence,' he yelled, 'you're mistaken! I want you to understand that we've found out about that confounded organization Mallory's gotten up among the plebes to fight us—'"

"Did he say that?" cried Mark in surprise. "How did they learn?"

"They didn't," said Dewey. "They don't know we call it the Seven Devils or anything else about it, but they've seen us together so much when they've tried to haze us that they've sort of guessed it. Anyway, they've determined to break it up, b'gee."

"They have! How?"

"Simply by walloping every man in it, b'gee. And they started on yours truly. The whole crowd piled on at once, Mark."

"The cowards!" exclaimed Mark.

"Well, I gave 'em a good time, anyway," laughed Dewey, whose natural light-heartedness had not been marred in the least. "I made for Bull. B'gee, I was bound one of them would be sorry and I chose him. I lammed him two beauties and tumbled him into a ditch. But by that time they had me down. And—"

"Where are the rest of the Seven Devils?" cried Mark, their leader, springing up impatiently. "By George, I'm going to get square for this outrage if it's the last thing I ever do in my life. I'll fight them fair just as long as they want it. I'm ready to meet any man they send, as I did. But by jingo I won't stand the tricks of that miserable coward Bull Harris another day. He's done nothing but try to get me into scrapes since the day I came here and refused to let him haze me. And now I'm going to stop it or bust. Where are the rest of the fellows?"

"I don't know," began Dewey, but he

was interrupted by an answer from an unexpected quarter. Another cadet came rushing down the company street and bounded into Mark Mallory's tent.

He too was a plebe, a tall lad with bright gray eyes that fairly blazed with excitement. For he too was marred with the scars of battle. His clothing was soiled, and his bronzed features were sadly awry. It was Texas, Mark's old chum, Texas, the ex-cowboy fresh from the plains, "Jeremiah Powers, sah, son o' the Hon. Scrap Powers o' Hurricane County." And Texas was wild.

"Durnation!" he roared, his words fairly tripping each other up, in such rapid succession did they come. "Whoop! Say, you fellows, you dunno what you been a-missin'! Dog gone it, I ain't had had so much fun since the day I come hyar. Jes' had the rousin'est ole scrap I ever see. There was a dozen of 'em, them durnation ole yearlin's, and they all piled on to once, dog gone their boots. Whoop! Durnation, Mark, git up thar an' come out an' help me finish it."

Texas was prancing around the tent in excitement, his fingers twitching furiously. He gasped for breath for a moment, and then continued.

"It was that air durnation ole Bull Harris and his gang. Bull had been a-fightin' somebody else, cuz one eye was black."

"Bully, b'gee!" put in Dewey.

"An' he was mad's a hornet. 'Look a yere,' says he, 'you rarin' ole hyena of a cowboy, I want you to understand that you an' that air scoundrel Mallory—— an' dog gone it, Mark, I never gave him a chance for another word, jes' piled right in. An' then all the rest of 'em lit on to me an' there was the durnationest mess I ever heerd tell of."

Angry though Mark was he could not help being amused at the hilarity of his bloodthirsty friend and fellow warrior, who was still dancing excitedly about the tent.

"Who won?" inquired Mark.

"I dunno," said Texas. "I never had a chance to find out. Fust they jumped on me and smothered me, an' then I got out and jumped on them, only dog gone it there was so durnation many I

couldn't sit on 'em all to once, an' so I had to git up agin. Oh, say, 'twas great. I wish some o' the boys could a' been thar to see that air rumpus. An' I ain't through yit, either. I'm a-goin' to lambast them air yearlin's—what d'ye say, Mark?"

Texas gazed at his friend inquiringly; and Mark gripped him by the hand.

"I'll help you," he said. "I'm going to settle that crowd for once and for all if I have to put them in hospital. And now let's go out and hunt for the rest of the seven and see what's happened to them."

The time when all this happened was during one of the brief periods of "recreation" allowed to the West Point plebe. The corps was in the summer camp (it was now about the first of August). "Camp" marks a holiday for the rest of the battalion, but for the plebe company it means hard work. Three drills a day, two policings and inspections galore. And even during the periods of rest, Mark Mallory and his friends the B. J. plebes got but little time to themselves. They were busy with the yearlings then.

The contest at present raging was a bitter one. For the first time in West Point's history the humble and much hazed plebes had rebelled against their "third class" tormentors. Some of them, the Seven Devils, had even gone so far as to haze the tormentors, and successfully. The desperate straits to which the yearlings had been reduced by that may be judged from the course which some of their number, the lower element with Bull Harris as their leader, had taken by way of revenge.

Mark Mallory's patience was about exhausted by this time; he had stood much from Bull Harris, but as he left that tent and strode out of camp with the other two at his side, there was a set look about his mouth and a gleam in his eyes that meant business.

He had scarcely crossed the color line that marked the western edge of the camp before he caught sight of one more of the seven. And Mark had seen him but an instant before the thought flashed over him that this one had been through just the same experience as Texas and "B'gee" Dewey.

The new arrival was Parson Stanard, the geological genius from Boston. A learned and solemn scholar was the bony Parson, but he did not look as if he had been studying then. His face was not scarred at all, but it was red with anger, and his collar was wilted by excitement which betrayed itself even in his hasty stride as he walked.

"Yea, by Zeus!" he cried as soon as he reached his friends. "Gentlemen, I have tidings. The enemy is risen! Even now he is hot upon our trail. My spirit burns within me like that of Paul Revere, the messenger of liberty, riding forth from good old Boston town. Boston, cradle of liberty, father of—"

The Parson's news was exciting, but even then he could not withstand the temptation to deliver a discourse upon the merits of his native town. Mark had to set him straight again.

"Has Bull been after you, too?" he asked.

"Yea!" said the Parson. "He has, and that too with exceeding great vehemence. Truly the persistency of the yearling is surprising; like the giant Antaeus of yore, he springeth up afresh for the battle, when one thinks he is subdued at last. Gentlemen, they attacked me absolutely without provocation. I swear it by the undying flame of Vesta. I was peregrinating peacefully when I met them. And without even a word, forsooth, they sprang at me. And mighty was the anger that blazed up in my breast, yea, by Zeus! As Homer, bard immortal of the Hellenic land, sang of the great Achilles, 'his black heart'—er, let me see. By Zeus, how does that line go? It is in the first book, I know, and about the two hundred and seventy-fifth line, but really I—"

"Never mind Homer," laughed Mark. "What about Harris? What did you do?"

"I replied to their onslaughts in the words of FitzJames: 'This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I!' The two who reached me first I did prostrate with two concussions that have paralyzed my prehensile apparatus—"

"Bully for the Parson!" roared Texas.

"And then," continued the other sheepishly, "observing, by Zeus, that there were at least a dozen of them, I

concluded to think better of my resolution and effect a retreat, remembering the saying that he who runs away may live to renew his efforts upon some more auspicious occasion."

The Parson looked very humble indeed at this last confession; Mark cheered him somewhat by saying it was the most sensible thing he could have done. And Dewey still further warmed his scholarly heart by a distinction that would have done credit to even Lindlay Murray, the grammarian.

"You didn't break your resolution," said Dewey.

"Why not?" inquired Stanard.

"Because, b'gee, you vowed you wouldn't fly. And you haven't flown since, that I see. What you did was to flee, b'gee. If you flyed you wouldn't have fled, but since you fled you didn't fly. Some day, b'gee, when you've been bitten, you'll understand the difference between a fly and a flea. You'll find that a flea can fly a great deal faster than a fly can flee, b'gee, and that——"

Somebody jumped on Dewey and smothered him again just then, but it wasn't a yearling. He bobbed up serenely a minute later, to find that the Parson's grammatical old ribs had been tickled by the distinction so carefully made.

"People are very grammatical in Boston, aren't they Parson?" inquired Dewey. "Reminds me of a story I once heard, b'gee—you fellows needn't groan so, because this is the first story I've told to-day. Fellow popped the question to his best girl. She said 'No, b'gee.' 'Say it again,' says he. 'No!' says she. 'Thanks,' says he. 'Two negatives make an affirmative. You've promised. Where shall we go for our honeymoon?' B'gee, Parson, there's a way for you to fool your best girl. She's sure to say no, and I don't blame her either."

The lively Dewey subsided for a moment after that. But he couldn't keep quiet very long, especially since no one took up the conversation.

"Speaking of oranges," said he, "reminds me of a story I once heard, b'gee——"

"Who the deuce was speaking of oranges?" cried Texas.

"I was," said Dewey solemnly, and then fled for his life.

The other three members of the Seven Devils arrived upon the scene just then and put an end to hostilities. Chauncey, "the dude," Sleepy, "the farmer," and Indian, the fat boy from Indianapolis, had not had the luck to meet with the yearlings yet, and they listened in amazement and indignation while Mark told the story of Bull Harris and his latest tactics.

"Bless my soul," gasped Indian in horror. "I—I'm going home this very day!"

"I'll go home myself," vowed Mark, "if I don't succeed in stopping this sort of business. I honestly think I'd report it to the authorities only Bull knows I've been out of bounds and he'd tell. As it is, I'm going to settle him some other way, and a way he'll remember, too."

"When?" cried the others.

"This very night."

"And how?"

"The cave!" responded Mark; and it was evident from the way the others jumped at the word that the suggestion took their fancy.

And in half a minute more the Seven Devils had sworn by all the solemn oaths the classic Parson could invent that they would haze Bull Harris and his cronies in "the cave" that night.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTURE OF MARK MALLORY.

The afternoon of that momentous day passed without incident. Mark noticed Bull Harris glowering at him as he passed his tent, but beyond that the "subduing" programme got no farther. The Seven Devils kept carefully near to camp so as to prevent it.

That is, all of them but one; "Sleepy" was that one. The lanky farmer was a member of the guard that day, getting his first lessons in the terrible dangers of sentry duty at Camp McPherson. Now it was necessary for some one to go up and fix that cave for the night's work, and since Sleepy succeeded in getting excused during his four hours off duty that afternoon, he was unanimously elected to be the one to attend to the task.

The cave, recently dubbed the Seven

Devil's Den, lay about two miles from the camp, way up in the mountains north of the post. The Parson had made this important discovery while "geologizin'," and the many and various were the adventures that resulted therefrom.

In the first place, the seven, upon entering had found a well furnished cavern, to their unbounded amazement. They had found at last that the cave belonged to some counterfeiters who made it their hiding place. These men, for a reason unknown, had divided the den by an iron door which had slammed upon them accidentally, locked them in, and left their skeletons to be found by the horrified cadets.

They had found a treasure in there, too, a chest of gold that had caused no end of adventure. Bull had stolen it. The seven in trying to get it back had walked into a trap out of which they had been forced to purchase their release with the money. They were quite ready to do this, for they had learned from the Parson, meantime, that it was counterfeit. The chagrin of Bull Harris when he learned that, found out how he had been duped, may be imagined. His rage, so caused, was what had prompted him to his last attack upon the plebes.

It was to clear away the effects of that treasure hunt that Sleepy went. He removed all traces of the Parson's energetic digging. Also he fixed quite a number of other things, according to Mark's well-planned directions.

"It's evident to me," said Mark, "from the fact that Bull didn't bother me this morning, hating me most as he does, that he's putting up a plan for to-night."

"He's afraid to tackle you in the day," growled Texas.

"I should say so," chirruped Indian's fat, round voice. "Didn't you lick him once, and the whole crowd besides. Bless my soul!"

(Indian never boasted of his own achievements, but always of Marks.)

"I think," continued Mark, "that we may take it for granted that Bull will try to kidnap me to-night. You know they did that once, took me off into the woods and beat me. They'll beat harder this time. If a big crowd of them tries it you

fellows 'll just have to make a noise and wake everybody so that they'll have to drop me and run for their tents. But if there's only a few you can follow and overpower them. It all depends."

Texas rubbed his hands gleefully at this attractive programme.

"What are we a-goin' to do when we ketch 'em?" he demanded.

"You leave that to me," laughed Mark, rising from his seat to end the "conference." "I've got a scheme fixed up to frighten them to death. Just wait."

Just wait seemed to represent about all there was to do, though the Seven Devils did not like it a bit. They watched dress parade that evening with far less interest than usual, and sighed with relief when the sunset gun finally sounded. It may be interesting to note that there were some other cadets in just exactly the same impatient state of mind.

They were yearlings. There was Bull Harris, Mark's self-elected but deadly enemy. There was Gus Murray, his able first lieutenant. There was Corporal Vance, the sallow and sarcastic youth, with perhaps a disordered liver that had soured his disposition. Last (and least, too), was "Baby" Edwards, the "kid," a mild youth who worshipped Bull, the bully, and swore by him as a paragon of perfection whose very words were to be echoed.

It was just as Mark had suspected—Bull Harris had a plot.

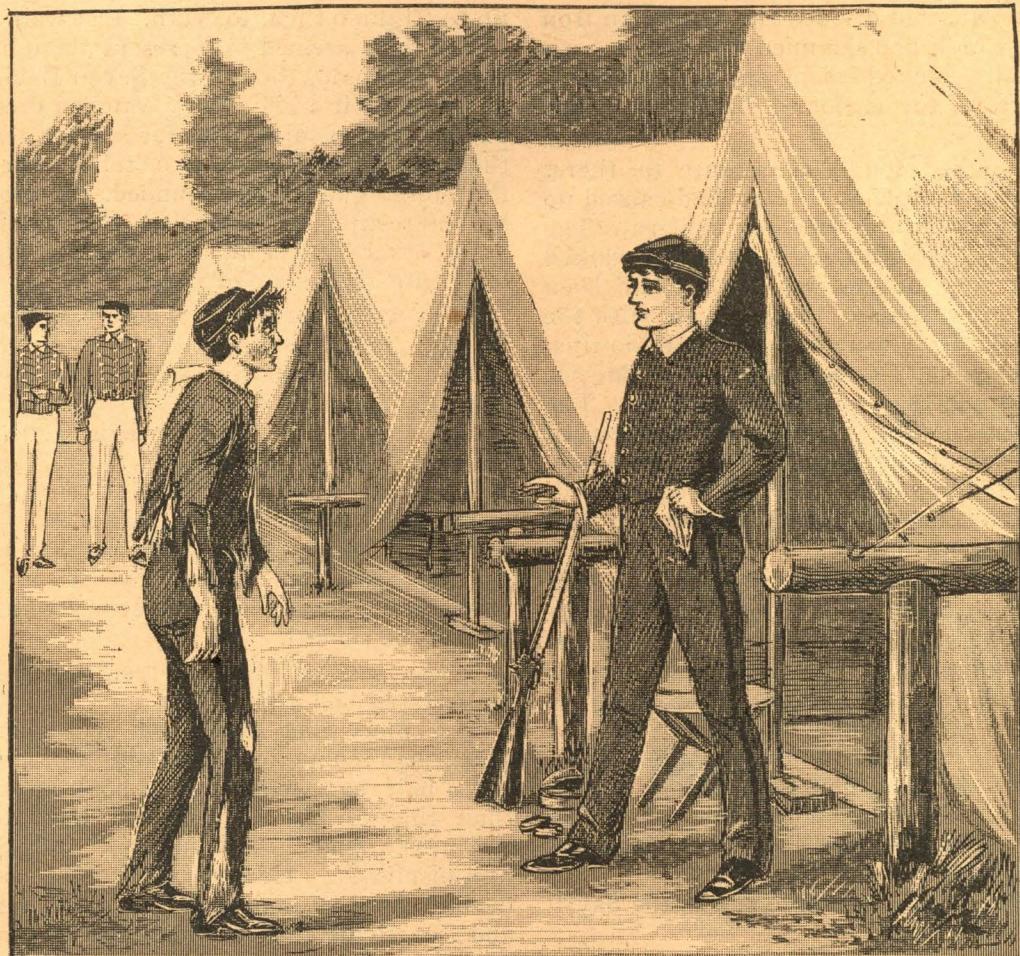
The plots that Bull had had since Mark had come to West Point a month and a half ago would take a book larger than this to tell of. He had tried to "skin the plebe on demerits," and get him dismissed. He had tried to get him beyond bounds and have him found out and courtmartialed. He had tried to beat him (when helpless). In fact, he tried so much that he was at his wit's end what to try next. And in all the aforementioned three had been his willing and malicious aids.

The sunset gun was welcomed with relief. They spent the evening strolling about the grounds and discussing the effort they were going to make that night, also occasionally chuckling over the "success" of their attacks during the morning. And then tattoo sounded, and

they knew that the time was nearer still. Tattoo is the signal to fall in for the evening roll-call; it sounds at nine-thirty, and after it the cadets have half an hour to get to bed before taps, the signal for lights out, closes the day. Then comes the inspection by a "tac," or tactical officer, and when finally he goes to his tent there is no one awake but the sentries and the officers of the guard. At any rate this is supposed to be the case. When the cadets are giving suppers

cloudy that night, and black, a circumstance which Bull considered particularly fortunate.

There was no hesitation, no delay to discuss what should be done. The four made straight for a certain A company tent; cadets sleep with their tent walls rolled up in hot weather, and so the yearlings could easily see what was inside. They made out three figures stretched out upon the blankets, all sound asleep; the fourth occupant—the



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, DEWEY?" CRIED MARK, SPRINGING TO HIS FEET (page 1299).

or small card parties in the tents, or when they are conducting a hazing sorie—as was the case to-night—there are plenty of people awake.

Bull Harris and his three cronies waited until the sentry had called the hour of eleven. They thought the plebes had had time enough to get to sleep then, so they got up and dressed and sallied forth in the darkness. It was

farmer—was now diligently marching post.

The four crept up with stealthiness that would have done credit to Indians. A great deal depended on their not awakening Mallory. Bull, who was the biggest and strongest of the crowd, stole into the tent and placed himself at Mallory's feet; Merry Vance and Murray calculated each upon managing one stalwart arm,

while to Baby as smallest was intrusted the task of preventing outcry from the victim. Having placed themselves, the four precious rascals paused just one moment to gloat over their hated and unsuspecting enemy. And then Bull gave the signal and as one man they pounced down.

Mallory, awakened out of a sound sleep, found himself as helpless as if he had been buried alive. Bull's sinewy arms were wrapped about his limbs; his hands were crushed to the earth; and Baby was smothering him in a huge towel. They lifted him an instant later and bore him swiftly from the tent.

A whistle was the signal to the sentry, who faced about and let them cross his beat; the four clambered up the embankment and sprang down into Fort Clinton, chuckling to themselves for joy, having secured the hated plebe with perfect success and secrecy. And now he was theirs, theirs to do with as they saw fit. And how they did mean to "soak" him!

All this of course was Bull's view of the matter. But there were some things, just a few, that that cunning young gentleman did not know of. The reader will remember that the yearlings had tried that trick on Mark just once before; ever since then Mark's tent was protected by a very simple but effective burglar alarm. There was a thread tied about his foot. That thread the yearlings had not noticed. It broke when they carried off their victim, but it broke because it had tightened about the wrist of Texas, who sat up in alarm an instant later, just in time to observe the four disappearing in the darkness. By the time they had crossed the sentry beat the Seven Devils were up and dressing gleefully.

After that the result was never in doubt for a moment. The five all crossed the sentry's path without trouble, because they had heard the signal the yearlings gave. And a moment later the triumphant kidnappers, who were off in a lonely corner of the deserted fort binding up their prisoner as if he were a mummy, were horrified to find themselves confronted by five stalwart plebes. The five were in a position to give orders too, for Texas had brought along a few of his ubiquitous seventeen revolvers.

CHAPTER III.

A MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

Bull and his gang were helpless. They did not dare make any outcry, in the first place, because they were more to blame than the plebes in case of discovery, and in the second because they were "scared to death" of that wild cowboy, who had already made his name dreaded by riding out and holding up the whole artillery squadron. But oh, how they did fairly grit their teeth in rage!

The imperturbable Texas stood and faced them, twirling his revolvers carelessly while they had the unspeakable humiliation of watching the others ungaging and unbinding the delighted Mallory, who rose to his feet a moment later, stretched his arms and then merrily took command.

Bull Harris was selected as leader and head conspirator to undergo the first torture. Mark placed himself in front of him and with a light smile upon his face.

"Lie down!" said he.

Bull found himself staring into the muzzle of one of the menacing Texan's revolvers. That took all of Bull's nerve and he very promptly "lay."

"Now then, Dewey," said Mark, "tie him up."

Dewey was the youngster Bull had walloped that morning, which made it all the more infuriating to Bull. Still worse, Dewey used the very ropes that had been meant for Mark. He tied Master Harris's unresisting feet together. Then rolled him unceremoniously over on his back and tied his hands. After which Bull was kicked to one side and Dewey was ready for the next frightened yet furious victim.

Pretty soon there were four helpless bodies lying side by side within the fort. They were bound hand and foot; there were gags tied in their mouths and heavy towels wrapped about their eyes. And then the Seven Devils were ready.

"Come ahead," said Mark.

He set the example by tossing Bull's carcass upon his shoulders and setting out. The rest followed close behind him.

It was quite a job carrying the four bodies where our friends wanted to take them, especially without being seen by any one.

They made for the Hudson. In Mark's day cadets were allowed to hire row-boats, that is, all except plebes. But it was easy enough for a plebe to get one, as indeed to get anything else, tobacco or eatables. The small drum orderly is always bribable, and that accounts for the fact that two big row boats lay tied in a quiet place, ready for the expedition.

Since the den was near the shore oars furnished an easier way to carry the prisoners to the place.

They found the boats without trouble, and deposited the yearlings in the bottom. They weren't very gentle about it, either. Then the rest scrambled in, and a long row began, during which those who were not working at the oars made it pleasant for the unfortunate yearlings by muttering sundry prophesies about tortures to come and in general the disadvantages of being wicked. The Parson recited some dozen texts from Scripture to prove that obvious fact.

We shall not here stop to picture the infuriated Bull Harris' state of mind under this mild torture. Enough of that later. Suffice it to say the row came to an end an hour or so later, and the party stepped ashore. And also that before they started into the woods a brilliant idea occurred to the ingeniously cruel Texas. They meant to make those cadets shiver and shake; what was the matter with letting them start now, where there was plenty of nice cold water handy?

A whispered consultation was held by the six; it was agreed that in view of all the brutality of Bull and his gang, there was no call to temper justice with mercy. As a result of that decision each one of the yearlings was held tight by the heels, and, spluttering and gasping, dipped well under water and then hauled up again. That did not cool their anger, but it made them shiver, you may well believe. During this baptismal ceremony the classic Parson was interesting, as usual. He sat on a rock near by and told the story embellished with many allusions, how the "silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old man of the sea," as Homer calls her, took her son, "the swift-footed" Achilles, and dipped him into a magic fountain to give him immortality. All got wet but the heel she held him by,

and so it was a blow in the heel that killed the Grecian hero.

"Therefore, gentlemen," said the Parson, "since you don't want Bull Harris to die from the treatment he gets tonight, I suggest with all sincerity that you stick him in again and wet his feet."

While this was being done the learned Boston scholar switched off onto the subject of Baptists and their views on total immersion; which promptly reminded Dewey of a story of a "darky" camp meeting.

"Brudder Jones was very fat," said he, "and b'gee, when he got religion and wanted to be baptized there was only a little brook to put him in. They found the deepest place they could, but b'gee, Brudder Jones stomach was still out of water. Now the deacon said his 'wussest' sin was gluttony, and that if he didn't get all the way under water the devil would still have his stomach and Brudder Jones would be a glutton all his life, b'gee. So all the brothers and sisters had to wade out into the water and sit on Brudder Jones stomach so that all his sins would get washed away."

Those who were doing the immersing in this case were so much overcome by Dewey's way of telling that story that they almost let Baby Edwards, the last victim, slip out of their hands. But they pulled him in safely in the end, and after that the merry party set out for the "Seven Devil's Den."

They knew the contour of the mountains so well by this time that even in the darkness they had no difficulty in finding the place. They had relapsed into a grave and solemn silence by that time, so as to get the shivering victims into a proper mood for what was next to come. Some of the crowd climbed in, and then like so many logs of wood the yearlings were poked through the opening in the rocks and laid on the floor inside. The rest of the plebes followed. The time for Mark Mallory's revenge had come at last.

Mark lit one of the lamps which hung from the ceiling of the cave and then went forward to make sure that everything was ready for the proposed hazing. The little room in which the bones of the trapped counterfeiters lay was up at the far end of the place. There was a

heavy wall of masonry to shut it off, with only one entrance, that afforded by the heavy iron door, which was built like that of a safe. Mark entered the room and after fumbling about some came out and nodded to his companions. He did not say a word; none of them had since they had come in; but there was still that firm set look about his mouth that boded ill for those four cowardly yearlings.

It is difficult for one to imagine the state of mind of these latter. Their rage and vexation at the failure of their scheme, at the way they had been trapped, had long since given place to one of constantly increasing dread as they felt themselves carried further and further away, evidently to the lonely mountain cave from which Bull had stolen the treasure a couple of days ago. They were in the hands of their deadliest enemies; Bull knew that they had earned no mercy from Mark and he knew also that the wild Texan was along, the Texan to whom, as they thought, murder was an every day affair. That dousing, too, had done its work, for it had chilled them to the bone and made them shiver in mind as well as in body. The yearlings felt themselves carried a short way on; they felt some one test the ropes that bound them, tighten every knot, and then finally bind them to what seemed to be a series of rings in a rough stone wall. They heard a low voice whisper:

"They're safe there. They can't get near each other."

And then one by one the bandages were taken from their eyes and the gags out of their tortured mouths.

They saw nothing but the blackest of darkness. Absolutely the place was so utterly without a trace of light that the figure which stood in front to untie the gag was as invisible as if it were a spirit. Bull heard a step across the floor. But even that ceased a few moments later, and the place grew silent as the grave.

The yearlings, though their tongues were free, did not dare to whisper a word. They were too much awed in the darkness. They knew that something was coming and they waited in suspense and dread.

It came. Suddenly the air was split by a sound that was perfectly deafening

in the stillness. It was the clang of a heavy iron door, close at hand. The yearlings started in alarm, and then stood waiting and trembling. They knew then where they were and what door that was. There was an instant's silence and then a horrified shout.

"Good Lord! The door has slammed!"

The cadets recognized that voice; it was the mighty one of Texas, but it sounded faint and dull as if it had passed through a heavy wall. It was succeeded by a perfect babel of voices, all of which sounded likewise. And the meaning of the voices, when once the cadets realized it, chilled the very marrow of their bones.

"Open it! Open it, quick!"

"Can't! Oh, horrors, it locks on the inside."

"Merciful Heavens! They are prisoners!"

"They'll suffocate!"

"Quick, quick, man, get a crowbar! Anything! Here, give me that!"

And then came a series of poundings upon the same iron door, accompanied by shouts and exclamations of horror and despair.

"I can't budge it. It's a regular safe. Oh, my soul, we're murderers!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE TORTURE OF THE YEARLINGS.

Imagine if you can the state of mind of the agonized four when the import of those terrible words burst upon them. They were locked in! And tied, each one of them, so that they could not move a hand to help themselves! The darkness made the whole thing yet more awful. They were entombed alive! And suffocating! Already the air seemed to grow hot, their breath to come in choking gasps. They screamed aloud, fairly shrieked in agony. They tore at their bonds, beat upon the wall with their helpless hands and feet. And all the while outside their cries were answered by the equally terrified shouts of the plebes.

"Let us out! Let us out!" shrieked Bull.

"Can't you get loose?" they heard a voice reply; they recognized it as Mallory's. "Oh, Heavens, man, you must get

loose! Try! Try! We can't help you! There's a knob inside there! Turn it, turn it, and the door'll open."

"How can I turn it?" screamed Bull. "I can't get near it! I'm tied! I—oh merciful Heaven help me! We're suffocating."

The cries from the yearlings increased in terror; outside they heard the blows of a pickaxe beating against the wall. Their hearts bounded in hope; they gasped in suspense; but then suddenly the sound ceased.

"I can't do a thing!" It was Texas who spoke. "The walls are too hard. We can't help them, they're gone."

"And we!" cried Mark. "Fellows, before Heaven, we're murderers!"

"Who knows of this yere place?" demanded Texas. "Nobody'll ever find 'em. Fellers, let's go back to camp and swear we never saw 'em."

"Oh, don't leave us! Don't leave us!" wailed Bull. "Oh! Oh!"

The others joined in with their horrified shrieks, but they might as well have cried to the stones. They heard rapidly receding footstamps, and even a heartless, triumphant laugh. And a moment later there was nothing left but stone for the agonized yearlings to cry to.

The six conspirators outside, having retreated to a far corner of the cave, to talk over the success of their ruse, were considering that last mentioned point then. Indian, ever tender-hearted and nervous, wanted to let them out now, he was sure they'd dropped dead of fright; all their vociferous yells from the distance could not persuade him otherwise.

"Bless my soul!" he whispered, in an awe-stricken voice. "They'll suffocate."

"Not for an hour in that spacious compartment," said the scientific Parson.

"Anyhow, I say we let 'em out," pleaded Indian.

"An' I say we don't!" growled Texas. "That air feller Bull Harris jes' deserves to be left thar fo' good! An' durnation! I wouldn't mind doin' of it, either."

Texas was usually a very mild and kind hearted youth, but he was wont to get wroth over the very name of Harris.

"That durnation ole yearlin's been the cause o' all our trouble an' hazin' since we come hyar!" he cried. "Ever since

the day Mark caught him trying to bully a yoting girl an' knocked him down fo' it, he's tried every thing but murder. He's too durnation much a coward to fight fair, but he's laid fo' us and pitched in to lick us with his gang every time he's seen us alone. He's sent Dewey and you, Mark, to the hospital! He got the yearlin's—dog gone 'em—to take Mark out in the woods an' beat him.

"An' he got up that air dirty scheme to skin Mark on demerits; he did all the demeritin', besides the beatin'. An' he put up a plot to git Mark out o' bounds and dismissed. An' now I say let him stay there till he's too durnation scared to walk!"

This sentiment was the sentiment of the rest; but Mark smiled when he heard it.

"I think," he said, "it's punishment enough to stay in there a minute. We'll have to let them out pretty soon."

"An' ain't you goin' to work the other scheme?" cried Texas.

"We'll work that now," responded Mark, whispering. "See there's the light, anyway."

This last remark was caused by a glance he had taken in the direction of the dungeon. A faint glimmer of light appeared in a crack at the top of the old fast-falling door. And Mark arose and crept swiftly across the room.

We must go inside now and see what was going on in there, for that light was destined to bring a new and startling development for the yearlings; it was what Texas had called "the other scheme."

To picture the horror of the abandoned four during the few moments that had elapsed is beyond our effort. Suffice it to say, that they were still shrieking, still despairing and yet daring to hope. And then came the new scheme.

The silence and blackness had both been unbroken except by them; but suddenly came a faint spluttering, crackling sound. And an instant later a faint white light shone about the narrow cell. It came from right in front of the horrified four, seeming to start in some ghostly way of its own to issue from a shining ball of no one could say what. But it was not the light, it was what it showed

that terrified the cadets and made them give vent to one last despairing shriek.

In the first place let it be said that the light came from an inverted basket hiding a candle set off by a time fuse the ingenuous Parson had made. As for the rest, well, there were six gleaming skeletons stretched about on the floor of that horrible place, the skulls grinning frightfully, seeming to leer at the helpless victims.

The four were incapable of the least sound; their tongues were paralyzed, and their bodies too. Their eyes fairly started from their heads as they stared. They were beyond the possibility of further fright, and what came next seemed natural.

Those skeletons began to move!

First one round white head with its shining black holes of eyes and rows of glistening teeth began to roll slowly across the floor. Then it sailed up into the air; then it dropped slowly down again, and finally settled in one corner and grinned out at the gasping cadets.

"Wasn't that smart of me?" it seemed to say. "I'll do it again. Watch me now. Watch!"

And it sailed up into the air once more, and swung about in the blackness and went over toward the prisoners and then started back. Finally it tumbled down to the ground, hitting its own original bones with a hollow crack. And then it was still.

That head was not the only moving thing in the cell. One skeleton raised its long, trembling arm and pointed at them; another's legs rattled across the floor. And a fourth one seemed to spring up all at once, as though it had dozens of loose bones, and hurl itself with a clatter into one corner. It lay there a scattered heap, with only one lone white rib to mark the place where it had been.

That was the way it seemed to the yearlings; of course they did not see the black threads that ran through cracks in the door where the six could stand and jerk them at their pleasure.

It was all over a moment later. The four heard a knob turn and then to their amazement saw the iron door, which they had thought would never open on them alive, swing back and let in a flood of glorious light. And an instant later the

familiar and even welcome figure of Mallory came in.

He stepped up to each and quickly cut the ropes that bound them. And when all four were free he stepped back and gazed at them. As for them, they never moved a muscle, but stared at him in consternation and confusion.

"Come out, gentlemen," said Mark. "Come out and make yourselves at home."

That voice was real, anyway, thank Heaven for that! The four had not yet succeeded in recovering their wits enough to realize the state of affairs. They followed Mark mechanically, though they were scarcely able to stand. They found themselves in the well lit and furnished apartment, the rest of their enemies bowing cordially. Then indeed they began to realize the hoax, its success, the way they had been fooled! And they staggered back against the wall.

The silence lasted a minute at least, and then Mark stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I hope you understand why we did this. It may seem cruel, but we could think of no other way of bringing you to your senses. We could have done much more if we had wanted to; but, we trust this will be a lesson that—"

"Confound you!" snarled Bull.

"Steady," said Mark, smiling, "or in there you go again."

That suggestion alone made Bull shiver, and he ventured not another sound.

"And now," said Mark, "if you will let us, we will conduct you back to camp. And all I want to say besides is the next time you want to haze, try fair open tactics. If you try any more sneaking plots I shall not show the mercy I did this time. Come on."

Some ten minutes later the four were poked through the crevice in the rocks again and led blind-folded to the boats and to camp. Which was the end of "Mark Mallory's Revenge."

[THE END.]

In the next number (29) of Army and Navy, will be published as the complete Military Academy story "Mark Mallory's Arrest; or, A West Point Cadet's Adventure in New York," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.



Clif Faraday's Triumph; or, A HARD-EARNED VICTORY.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

To crash upon a rock while sailing in a small boat is about as exciting an adventure as one would care to meet with in hot weather. Add to this a few of the circumstances that follow and you have quite an unpleasant state of affairs indeed.

In the first place let it be in the middle of a lonely bay. Add the fact that you are quite lost and haven't the remotest idea where your port lies. Also that there are two helpless girls on board, girls who do not know how to swim. Then to cap the climax, have the wicked-looking fin of a hungry shark cutting the water like the keel of a steamer close to the boat.

That was the precise condition of the party with whom this story has to deal at the moment when we first glance in upon them. The circumstances were as follows:

Two naval cadets aboard the U. S. training ship Monongahela, at present returning from her practice cruise, and stopping in the Bermudas on the way, had been wandering through the town of St. George's during the previous day. They were our friends, Clif Faraday and his comrade Joy, whose adventures form the subject of this story.

Clif, the elder of the two, was a handsome, sturdy lad, brave and fearless. Quite by accident during the previous evening he had overheard a conversation between two English army lieutenants. The two rascals were concocting a plot to kidnap two young ladies whose acquaintance Clif had previously made.

That accounted for the position that the two American lads were in. They had sailed out in the boat they now occupied, and rescued the girls, who were at present in the bow of the fleeing craft, along with an old servant, Peter, who had been their escort.

During the trip back toward home the accident above mentioned had occurred. The frail craft had crashed up against one of the numerous hidden rocks which make the entrance to St. George's bay so dangerous.

As if the presence of the darting shark were not sufficient to terrify the unfortunate party, another discovery was made at the same instant. A naptha launch had swung into view around one of the islands. It contained no less dreaded a pair than the Englishmen, the two lieutenants from whom they were striving to escape. Clif would not have been in the least afraid of them, nor his friend Joy either, for both were fairly bristling for fight; the one disturbing fact, however, was that the one firearm among the crowd was in the possession of the enemy.*

Such was the state of affairs; the more pressing danger was fortunately however quite speedily removed.

The boat upon striking the rock had lurched violently and literally flung its occupants into the water. Their first instinct was to strive to keep afloat, a process which to their infinite joy they found was rendered easy by a solid bottom beneath their feet. They were standing upon one of the shallow half sub-

* Clif Faraday's Galantry. Army and Navy No. 27.

merged reefs which line most of the Bermuda Islands. If there is anything which a shark dreads, and that no matter how hungry a shark it may be, it is shallow water. To run up onto a sand bank is the fate which every voraciously-pursuing fish must watch out for. Consequently, after thrashing the water with his tail in anger, the creature suddenly darted off across the bay, and his escaped victims gasped with relief.

They realized very shortly, however, that they had, as the phrase had it, only escaped from the frying-pan. A more accurate description would perhaps be "the devil and the deep sea." The sea was there, and as for the devils, there were two of them. The ruffianly lieutenants were swiftly bearing down upon the spot, chuckling with triumph.

"Abduction," such as this, is a strange crime for one to read of in this nineteenth century of ours. But this was no ordinary plot that the two men had concocted.

FitzJames and Romayne were the names of the two. Of the two girls, Rene Claire and Lorna Day, the latter was very wealthy, and FitzJames had fallen violently in love with her. Her father was Judge Day, a man who occupied a position of great prominence in Bermuda.

The two villains had shrwedly calculated that such a scandal as this would ruin him politically.

In short, the hope of the desperate Fitz James was that to avoid this disgrace the father would accept his offer of marriage.

The plot such as it was had almost been frustrated by Clif and Joy. They had rescued the girls and sailed off in triumph, leaving the two upon a deserted island. They had escaped, unfortunately, and so the affair stood as now.

FitzJames was in the bow of the naphtha launch, revolver in hand, and gazing in delight and triumph at his prey. The five, having escaped the shark, were huddled upon the long reef, standing up to their knees in the water. Clif glanced about him in despair; he saw several untenanted islands without a possible chance of rescue. Evidently this battle was to be fought out among the seven, and the possession of the two beautiful girls was the prize at stake. The one fact that made Clif's heart sink was that

revolver; he could not see but that it was the key to the situation. FitzJames, from a safe place in the launch, might do what he chose. He was probably in a vengeful mood, his head aching from the terrific blow that the cadet had dealt him.

Nobody realized the state of affairs more than FitzJames himself; the helpless fugitives heard him shout while the boat was still far distant over the water.

"Take it easy!" he laughed. "Ha! ha! We'll be there soon."

Those who heard him gazed at each other in dismay. Clif Faraday shut his teeth together with a determined snap and turned away. He strolled slowly up and down the slippery reef, striving to think of some possible escape from this terrible dilemma.

Meanwhile the boat glided steadily nearer. The two figures grew plainly visible. Even the hateful, brutal look on Romayne's face could be made out. And a minute or two later they heard him reverse the lever of the boat's machinery.

The little craft glided gently up, and finally came to a stop not ten yards from shore.

FitzJames was still in the bow; he was whistling now and twirling his revolver jauntily in his hand.

"I suppose everybody is ready to surrender," he smiled. "None of us are foes, I guess. What do you say, my Yankee bantams?"

CHAPTER II.

CLIF'S BOLD DEFIANCE.

It was quite natural that the two scoundrels should feel elated. Every circumstance was in their favor, and they had snatched victory from defeat with a suddenness that overwhelmed them. Revenge they were to have, and whatever else they wanted.

In fact a much greater triumph they could not have desired. They could read consternation in the faces of all their victims, which only served to increase their delight. Romayne was leering as he handled the machinery, and as for the other, his merry salutation has already been given.

"Hold up your hands," he added, care-

lessly. "And you can bet we'll tie you fast this time."

The helpless listeners made no answer to his taunts. They merely shrank back to the farthest edge of the shallow reef.

FitzJames' face clouded as he noticed that move.

"Now there's no use beginning any nonsense," he snarled. "We've got you and you might as well give up. And as for you two Yankee kids, there's no use of your doubling up your fists, because I've cartridges enough for the whole crowd of you."

That information, however, had little effect on the "kids;" they kept their fists doubled and glared defiance.

"If you hadn't been such fools," continued the Englishmen. "If you'd minded your own business and let us take the girls, you wouldn't have gotten into this trouble."

Clif Faraday smiled at that, though there was no mirth in his smile.

"I thank you for your advice," he remarked. "It is very kind of you, Lieutenant FitzJames. But I am none the less glad I did as I did."

"A brave word and well spoken," put in the melancholy Joy, who had good cause to be melancholy at last. "By Jake, I'm proud of you, Clif! I'd rather have had peace myself; but still, I'm not sorry—"

"You'll be sorry before long!" sneered FitzJames. "By thunder, I'll see to that if I have to smash your head in."

"A good inducement to surrender," growled Joy. "Are those the best terms you can offer?"

The Englishman glared him furiously for a moment, saying nothing. Then suddenly he shook his head angrily and raised his revolver.

"Enough of this nonsense!" he cried. "Enough, I say! I don't want to listen to your infernal chatter! I mean business, and I mean it in a hurry, too. Do you hear me?"

"You spoke loud enough," observed Joy, recklessly.

The lieutenant's brow clouded with passion, and he cocked his revolver ominously.

"You'll wish you'd shut up!" he

snarled. "By Heaven, I'll put a bullet through you before long."

A moment later he turned toward the two young ladies and aimed his weapon straight at them.

"Miss Lorna," he said, with a leering politeness. "You will oblige me by coming aboard this boat at once."

The girl thus addressed was standing up to her waist in the water, half supporting her fainting and nearly hysterical friend. Old Peter, their boatman, was cowering at her side, but Lorna herself was calm and haughty.

She faced the insulting fellow boldly and answered him.

"Lieutenant FitzJames," she said, "you have me in your power again. But I mean, sir, that you shall understand the scorn I feel for you. You are a coward and a brute! And I wish I had that revolver."

"Well, you haven't it," sneered the officer. "So you needn't make any fuss. The best thing for you to do is to come aboard this boat and end the nonsense at once."

"I have about made up my mind, sir," the girl answered, "to refuse."

"To refuse!"

"I have! There are some things more precious than life——"

"Oh, bosh!" sneered the other. "You know me, I think, and you know I am desperate. I mean to have you. I'd probably be hung for this business any way—if I were caught—so I've nothing to lose. I'd as leave shoot the other four to get you. So don't be foolish."

A moment after having said this the brutal fellow turned his revolver once more, aiming it this time straight at the trembling old man.

"I'll give you just half a minute, Lorna!" he snarled. "If you aren't in this boat by then I'll blow one of that old fool's arms off. Get out your watch there, Romayne."

The look of fiendish determination on the man's face as he gave this desperate order made the girl give in. She hesitated. A moment later she started to step forward.

"I suppose I'll have to——" she began.

But just then came an unexpected interruption.

"Stop! You shall not!"

It was Clif Faraday who spoke. Clif sprang forward and put himself directly in front of the girl. He had been silent before this, but now he took command.

"Lieutenant FitzJames," he said, calmly, "this party will not give up just yet. If you have to shoot somebody, shoot me, please."

The lieutenant gazed at him in amazement.

sneered. "Watch me, then. Romayne, draw the boat back a yard or two."

In response to the order, the machinery started and the launch glided slowly back from the reef. The party stared anxiously at it; Clif never flinched, though he had not the least idea what his enemy intended to do.

FitzJames was not long in showing him. He lowered the trigger of his weapon and removed the chambers. Then



FITZJAMES RAISED HIS WEAPON; AN INSTANT LATER HE BROUGHT IT DOWN ON CLIF'S HEAD (page 1315).

"Shoot you!" he echoed. Clif smiled sarcastically.

"I'll take the risk," he said. "You may try one shot. You have forgotten that your revolver got soaking wet once or twice last night?"

The Englishman flushed angrily at that.

"So that's your game, is it?" he

slowly and deliberately he took out every cartridge and dropped it into the water. He wiped the rest of the revolver dry. Then he turned to Romayne.

"Pass me a few cartridges, old man," he said. "I trust everybody will remember that you didn't fall overboard."

Romayne did as he was asked, and then his comrade calmly loaded the

weapon. Then he smiled upon his victims.

"Stove up the boat," he said. "Now then, my Yankee warrior, how does that suit your taste? Give up now?"

Clif smiled at him sarcastically.

"Not quite yet," said he. "I thought you heard me say that I meant to give you one shot. Fire away."

Clif's friends were staring at him in consternation; the two Englishmen were scarcely less puzzled at his reckless defiance.

"You evidently don't see what I mean," the lad said, calmly. "You see, Lieutenant FitzJames, you have forgotten the fact that you are dealing with an American. It is not the fashion for Americans to stay alive while crimes such as this are being committed. We would rather die than see them. I mean to defend these young ladies, as I set out to do."

"Much good it'll do them," snarled Romayne. "It will do lots, I think. You see, I know your plot. You do not want to kill me if you can help it, because, as you know, murder is a serious crime. You want to marry Miss Day and get her money—I'm glad to see you blush! If you killed me you would have to flee and your plot would fail. Fire away!"

And Clif folded his arms and faced the raging villain, not twenty yards distant.

The latter's response was prompt and terrible.

He raised his revolver with a furious oath, took deliberate aim, and fired point blank!

CHAPTER III.

CAPTURED AT LAST.

Lorna Day gave a shriek of horror; her friend fainted dead away; Joy sprang forward, but Clif Faraday never turned a hair.

The bullet had whistled past his head, almost touching an ear.

The lad still smiled as he stared at the Englishman.

"That was a bluff," he said. "Try again, Lieutenant FitzJames."

The two upon the launch were really amazed at his coolness, and neither knew

just what to do. Clif was right in what he said; they did not want to shoot him. And a moment later FitzJames virtually surrendered his position. He slipped the revolver into his belt.

"Shove up the boat, Romayne," he cried. "I want to take that cub alive. And by Heaven, when I do, I'll cut his eyes out!"

The real battle began with startling swiftness after that.

Romayne shot the launch forward until it almost grounded on the reef. FitzJames sprang to the bow, and Clif turned to the women.

"Back! back!" he cried. "Out of the way! Ready there, Joy!"

Joy was ready for a fact; he sprang boldly to his comrade's side, clinching his fists. Joy's usually melancholy face was flushed with excitement; its owner, like most men of peace, was thirsting for blood. The two, side by side, awaited the onslaught of the men.

FitzJames' burly figure, as it towered in the boat, was formidable, and calculated to awe the boldest. He clutched a long pole in his hand, brandishing it as if it had been a mere stick. A moment later, with an oath of rage, he aimed a savage blow at the two.

There was no way for the lads to dodge it for the reef was very narrow and slippery. The terrified girls had been driven out into deep water.

Clif and Joy saw their peril just in time. The attack had come so suddenly that on the slippery reef they had no chance to run. There was but one other resort, a novel one.

"Duck!" roared Clif.

And duck they did, both together, and with the swiftness of a frightened muskrat. The huge stick landed upon the water with a resounding splash, but the heads it was aimed at were beneath the surface.

A moment later both reappeared again. FitzJames was raising his weapon for another blow. Quick as a flash, Clif seized the stick and made a savage spring at the boat.

Had it been FitzJames alone, the lads must infallibly have conquered. But they forgot the watchful and cunning Romayne in the rear. No sooner did he

perceive Faraday's move than he reversed the lever with all his might.

In an instant the launch seemed fairly to leap back. Clif was springing for the bow as it did so; he found himself struggling helplessly in the deep water.

With a quick cry of delight, Romayne once more changed the machinery. The boat darted forward, and FitzJames raised his weapon. He saw his rival's upturned face gazing up at him in despair; an instant later he struck.

There was a dull thud and the swimming lad sank beneath the surface, leaving nothing but a stain of blood to mark where he had been. Lorna staggered back with a shriek of horror; and Joy, blinded and confused, sprang forward only to be bowled helplessly over by a terrific swing of FitzJames' formidable weapon.

A moment later Clif Faraday's body reappeared upon the surface. Romayne seized it, all white and bloody, and jerked it roughly aboard. FitzJames sprang into the water and passed up the unconscious Joy in the same way. And then the victory was won.

FitzJames turned upon the two girls then. All his former semblance of politeness was gone now, for he was still wild with fury.

"I suppose you fools are ready to give up now," he snarled. "Come on!"

They were ready, for a fact; they were so horror-stricken that they could not speak. The two ruffianly lieutenants helped them both aboard, the old man with them. They huddled together in the bow.

"We'll have no funny business this time," said Romayne, rudely. "Give me your wrists."

The three dared not offer a word of protest to anything he did. He tied their hands, Clif and Joy's also, though both were unconscious.

"I guess that settles it at last," said FitzJames. "Start the machinery, and back we go to Shark Island."

The launch gave a throb and sprang through the water once more. The two lieutenants, gazing about them, saw that the bay was still silent and deserted; their day's work was over, over happily and without danger of discovery. They

settled back comfortably, devoting themselves to the task of steering their way through the island reefs.

It was not a very long trip, lasting not more than half an hour, but it was a terrible one for the two terror-stricken young ladies. They trembled not only for themselves, but for their brave defenders lying gasping and helpless in the bottom of the boat. FitzJames and Romayne did not even notice them.

The trip was made in silence. When Shark Island was reached and the boat grated upon the sand, the two Englishmen set to work in a business-like way.

"I suppose you'll obey now," FitzJames said to the prisoners. "Step out."

The three did so; the Englishmen picked up the two lads in their arms and set out down the shore, the rest following. Perhaps a hundred yards beyond that they halted for a brief consultation.

"There's the cave," whispered FitzJames.

"Yes, and it's low tide, too," added the other. "Let's take them in right away."

FitzJames turned to the two girls.

"March out into the water, please," he said.

They stared at him in consternation and alarm, but he soon showed them what he meant. Taking Clif upon his shoulder, he waded out almost up to his neck. There was a projecting ledge of rock in front of him, and he suddenly disappeared beneath it.

The terrified party followed at a little distance. The girls halted in alarm before the black hole in front of them, but Romayne urged them roughly on.

Stooping beneath the dripping arch of a sort of half-submerged tunnel, they crept on, slipping and stumbling. The roof above them sloped down to the water's edge until there was scarcely room for their heads. But there was no hesitating with Romayne behind them; and pushing on a step farther the rock sloped up again and the girls stared about them in amazement.

A large cave was before them, with floors high above the level of the water. There was a dim light burning in one

corner, and all sorts of boxes scattered about.

"You are welcome to our cave," said FitzJames, with a leer. "I trust that its efficiency as a prison will be evident to you. At high tide the water rises and you cannot get out, you see. At low tide we will always be here to guard you. Altogether it is an excellent arrangement."

The exhausted and terrified girls sank down on the ground, scarcely caring to look at anything. The two Englishmen also dropped their burdens and after loosening their bonds started laughing toward the entrance.

"Miss Lorna," said FitzJames, by way of explanation. "The tide will rise in an hour or so, and then you will be quite safe in this underground cavern. You will find a few eatables about and you may attend to those Yankees if you care to. It is necessary now that we return to barracks to report after our night's leave of absence. Also we will find out for you what measures your father is taking to find you. We will return by the time the exit of the cave is open again, which will be toward night. Then probably you will be willing to come to terms with us. And now I bid you farewell. I congratulate you upon our success. Good-by."

And with that the two turned and springing down into the water, waded out under the long tunnel, and were lost to sight and hearing.

The prisoners were safely hidden at last.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT.

The reader must have suspected before this that considerable excitement would have prevailed in the town of St. George's, from which had come the seven personages whose adventures we have been following. It is necessary to the future understanding of the story that we go back for a few moments and see what this excitement was and what were its results.

The town of St. George's in the Bermudas woke up on the morning of the battle previously described to find that

two unusual events had taken place during the night. Two parties had mysteriously disappeared.

In the first place almost before sunrise there had hurried in a sail boat, hailing from Orient Island, Judge Day's home. The judge, a tall, gray-haired and aristocratic-looking Englishman, was himself on board, half wild with alarm. His daughter had not returned.

He soon found out that she had left the previous night and immediately there was the wildest kind of a time. Judge Day's daughter and her friend were lost!—drowned!—kidnapped!—who could say what?

About the same time also came the news that Faraday and Joy, of the Monongahela, were likewise missing. (Fitz James and Romayne were absent on leave, and so no one thought of them).

The rumor which spread about town soon connected the two parties. An investigation on board the ship brought forth two lads, Nanny and Trolley, as they are known to us, who told a story of how Faraday and Miss Day had become acquainted. Also a druggist in the town described how Clif had inquired of him where the girl lived, and a night watchman how Clif had gotten a boat from him to follow the party.

The idea of every one, even of the reluctant Judge Day, was that a sudden and foolish impulse had seized the pair and they had plotted an elopement. That they could not be very far away was evident, for the Bermudas is but a small group of islands, and the main land is hundreds of miles away. Even a lad like Clif Faraday would know too much to attempt that in a little naphtha launch.

And so a searching party was instantly organized, the indignant judge at its head. Its purpose was to discover the whereabouts of that reckless pair and their three companions. As we shall see very important results were destined to take place as a result of that expedition.

A tug in the harbor was called into requisition and it was soon flying out of St. George's harbor. As to its general direction it had a clue, for the watchman had noticed which way Clif went. Before they got very much farther they were destined to get still more accurate inform-

ation, which brought them very close indeed to the scene of action.

The two lieutenants left the cave, as we have learned, just before the rapidly rising tide shut the entrance from view. They made for the naphtha launch as soon as they had waited long enough to make sure that their victims were helplessly fastened in their living tomb, unable to escape until the tide should fall again.

FitzJames and Romayne intended returning at once to town, in order to remove all possibility of their being suspected. They found the launch where they had left it fastened, and they stepped aboard. "Shove her off," said Romayne, who attended to the machinery.

"Wait till I get in the stern."

His companion had stooped to obey this order when he chanced to cast his eye across the bay. As he did so he staggered back with an exclamation of consternation.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Look there!"

Romayne whirled about.

"It's a tug!" cried FitzJames. "What would it be coming out this way for? It must be looking for the girls."

"And, good Heavens, they've seen us!" gasped Romayne. "It's coming this way!"

This last was true. Sweeping out from behind an island the boat had suddenly changed its course and was now making straight for Shark Island.

"What shall we do?" cried FitzJames, turning white with terror.

"Say we don't know anything about them, and—"

"For Heaven's sake, man, we can't! We're in the girls' launch!"

The two rascals gazed at each other in blank consternation. That deadly convicting fact was evident to all; indeed, it was probably by the sight of that familiar boat that the attention of those on the tug had been attracted.

"They may lynch us!" gasped Romayne, turning white. "Let's run! Quick! Shove the boat off!"

"What good will it do?" groaned FitzJames. "They can go two miles to our one in that tug. Confound that Faraday! It was he that caused—"

"Yes, yes!" cried the other. "But shall we do? They're getting nearer! And good Lord, there's old man Day himself! We're lost! Listen, he's shouting to us."

It was a terrible hour for those two rascals; they were almost too paralyzed with sudden fright to move.

But Romayne, the more cunning of the two, proved equal to the emergency in the end. As the dreaded tug swept up nearer still he suddenly gave vent to a cry.

"By Heavens!" he shouted, "I have it! Help! Help!"

This last he yelled at the top of his lungs, waving his hands toward the boat.

"What do you mean?" gasped FitzJames, in amazement. "What—"

"Shut up, you fool!" hoarsely cried the other. "Yell at 'em! Yell at 'em! Do you hear me? Yell! Help! Help!"

His move was a puzzling one; his next was still more so. He leaped to the machinery of the launch. Seizing the lever, he fairly tore it out of its place. With his heavy heel he leaped upon the delicate mechanism and crushed it out of shape.

"Why—what!" panted the terrified FitzJames.

"Not a word!" cried the other. "I'll see to this. Help! Help!"

By this time the tug was within hailing distance. Judge Day was prancing up and down in the boat.

"Where's my daughter?" he fairly shrieked. "Where did you get that launch?"

"Help! Help!" roared Romayne. "Come in here! Quick! Hurry!"

The tug neared the shore a minute later. The anxious old man leaped into the water and floundered ashore, such was his haste.

"Where—what—" he began.

And then Romayne's plot came out.

"Those two Americans!" he cried.

"They've kidnapped your daughter!"

"What!"

"Yes. The girls were struggling to get away and we had a fight here on shore. See the blood! See my head, where they hit me. They had a revolver and beat us back. They went off in the sail boat—back toward town! They—"

"In Heaven's name, why didn't you follow?"

"They smashed the launch! Look at it. We couldn't. They left us here, the ruffians, and—"

Old Judge Day was fairly wild. He made one leap for the tug again.

"Back to town!" he yelled. "Back! By thunder, if I catch those cadets I'll kill 'em! Quick, come aboard here!"

FitzJames and his companion who were thus invited clambered hastily aboard. They found an angry and excited crowd of men on the deck. An instant later the tug swung about and leaped away down the shore of Shark Island.

The two lieutenants gasped with relief. They felt almost as if delivered from a grave. They were safe! They were safe! They had turned the pursuers off the track!

And a moment later something happened, that, if it had been an appearance from another world, a judgment from on high could not have overwhelmed the two conspirators more.

There suddenly came a cry, seemingly from underneath the boat itself.

"Help! Help! Come back here!"

It was Clif Faraday's voice!

CHAPTER V.

"THE SEA GIVES UP IT'S DEAD."

In order to understand that most extraordinary development, it is necessary to make a diversion to the party in the subterranean cave. It will be a very brief diversion, however, for the succeeding events upon the tug require our attention.

We left the five inmates helpless, Clif and Joy still unconscious. The first thought of the two girls had been of them, and careful nursing had soon restored them to consciousness. They were told of the nature of their prison and of the lieutenant's intention.

Clif Faraday inspected the hole where the entrance was. His first question was as to the length of that passage to the open air, for his ready brain was soon at work upon a plan to save those two girls from their impending fate. His second

inquiry was as to the length of time since the two men left. He learned that it was over an hour ago. After which he fell to pacing the cavern back and forth in silence.

He was nerving himself for a desperate, a terrible act. He said not a word to a soul of his thoughts until he was ready. Then with sudden swiftness he flung off his coat and dashed across the floor. An instant later he vanished in the water with a splash, and was lost to sight and sound.

It was an awful experience, in the highest sense of that abused word "awful." Those who have ever tried a long swim under water know the choking, gasping sensation that comes after the first half minute. Then imagine yourself in a deep dark tunnel with a wall of rock above your head, struggling on second after second, panting, choking, almost turning black in the face, and yet dreading with a horrible sickening dread to take the risk of rising, of striking the rock of the tunnel, of perishing miserably in the trap.

Such was Clif Faraday's heartrending experience. At last he felt he could stand it no longer; he was not equal to another single stroke. He must rise or he would faint. And then up, up! On and on, gasping—would the top never come? Would it never—

And then suddenly like a flash he shot out into the air, into the sunlight, the blessed sunlight, far out from the shore, a waste of waters was about him—and a swiftly moving tug gliding past almost at his side!

The first thing the dazed lad saw was the uniform of his dreaded foes. But an instant later he made out other figures, and knew that he was saved.

His cry was the result. It's effect may be imagined. The boat's engines were reversed; the passengers rushed to the stern to stare at the shouting swimmer—the very person they were looking for! About the same moment there were two almost simultaneous splashes in the water. FitzJames and Romayne had leaped from the tug!

The passengers thought it was to rescue the American cadet, or rather to capture him, and they cheered the act.

But a moment later, to their consternation, they saw that the two were swimming with all their might to the shore.

It was a puzzling act and hard to understand. The people on the tug scarcely knew what to think. The whole thing had happened with such amazing rapidity that it dazed them. The appearance of that "villainous" cadet, shooting up from the very depths of the sea! And then the strange behavior of his two accusers!

Old Judge Day himself was the first to get an inkling of the truth. He had seen Faraday rise; he had seen the two officers stagger back, white and limp. Then he saw them jump.

"By Heaven!" he gasped. "I believe it was they stole my daughter. Catch 'em, there! Follow 'em! Quick!"

The tug captain was about to obey, but something compelled him to do otherwise. Clif Faraday was weak and exhausted. His cries grew faint, and he seemed sinking. And so the first thing to do was to back rapidly and pick him up.

That action gave the two frenzied swimmers a start. They were half way to the shore of Shark Island when the tug finally stopped and started forward once more, this time to pursue them. For it was clear then that they were fleeing; a few gasping sentences from poor Clif quickly disclosed the reason why they did so.

Judge Day was simply wild with rage. He rushed to the bow of the boat.

"Villains!" he fairly shrieked. "Villains! Forward, there! Put on more steam! By thunder, if they escape I'll—I'll—faster, there!"

He could think of nothing to fill that "if." The tug fairly plunged through the waves, shooting in toward shore.

"If they land and reach the other side," muttered the captain, "they're safe for a time."

"What!" gasped the judge.

"Yes, the shoals'll keep us away."

"Anybody got a gun?" cried the frenzied old man. "Shoot them! By Heaven, they've reached the shore! The fiends! They'll get away!"

Nobody had a firearm, and so they were helpless. The tug shot into the

sandy shore just as the two men scrambled out of the water and dashed across the island.

A dozen men were running on their trail a minute later, Judge Day, old as he was, in the lead. The lieutenants bounded across the hundred yards or two of sand and sprang into the water again, striking out boldly for the next island.

The pursuers did not hesitate. Fully half of them waded out into the water to follow.

One hung back, however, the captain of the tug, an old salt who knew the islands.

"Come back!" he called to the rest, at the same time eyeing the two swimmers with a dubious shake of his head. "Come back, there. This here's Shark Island, an' it ain't safe to—— Good Lord!"

His last exclamation was echoed by a loud shriek from one of the lieutenants. He flung up his arms into the air and a moment afterward disappeared from view! It was Romayne!

His companion, yelling with terror, turned and started back to shore, the watchers gazing at him in horror. There was perhaps half minute of terrible suspense, and then came another scream. FitzJames, the abductor, was no more to be seen.

The men stood gazing at the blood-stained spot where he had been, gazing at it in silence and awe. Then the captain muttered:

"Shark Island! It's the hand of the Lord!"

The awful fate of the two recreant officers cast a gloom over the members of the party and they turned away in silence to proceed to the rescue of those still remaining in he cave.

It was found necessary for them to wait several hours for the tide to recede. Clif volunteered to try the dive again so that he could carry the joyful news to the imprisoned quartette, but Judge Day strongly objected.

"No, my boy," he added, clapping Faraday upon the shoulder. "You shall not risk your life again. You tell me they are perfectly safe, so it will not harm them to wait a short while."

The ebbing of the tide was watched as

it had never been watched before. When the time at last arrived, Clif waded in and presently emerged again, followed by Lorna, Joy and the rest.

The meeting of father and daughter was one long to be remembered. The old judge in his exuberance of spirits almost embraced old Peter.

When the girls were told of the lieutenants' awful fate they turned white, but it could not be doubted that they believed in the justice of the terrible retribution.

A return to St. George's was made at once, the tug towing the disabled launch. The arrival of the party was the occasion of a scene of great excitement.

Their part in the thrilling adventure made Clif and Joy the heroes of the hour,

and they were received on board the practice ship with cheers.

During the Monongahela's brief stay in the Bermudas, Clif and Lorna were much together, and when the old frigate finally resumed the cruise it was evident both keenly felt the parting.

"Just like him," sighed Joy, whose opinion of the fair sex was not very exalted. "Just like him. He's got a girl in every port and goodness knows how many at home. Humph! even the blooming mermaids ain't safe."

[THE END.]

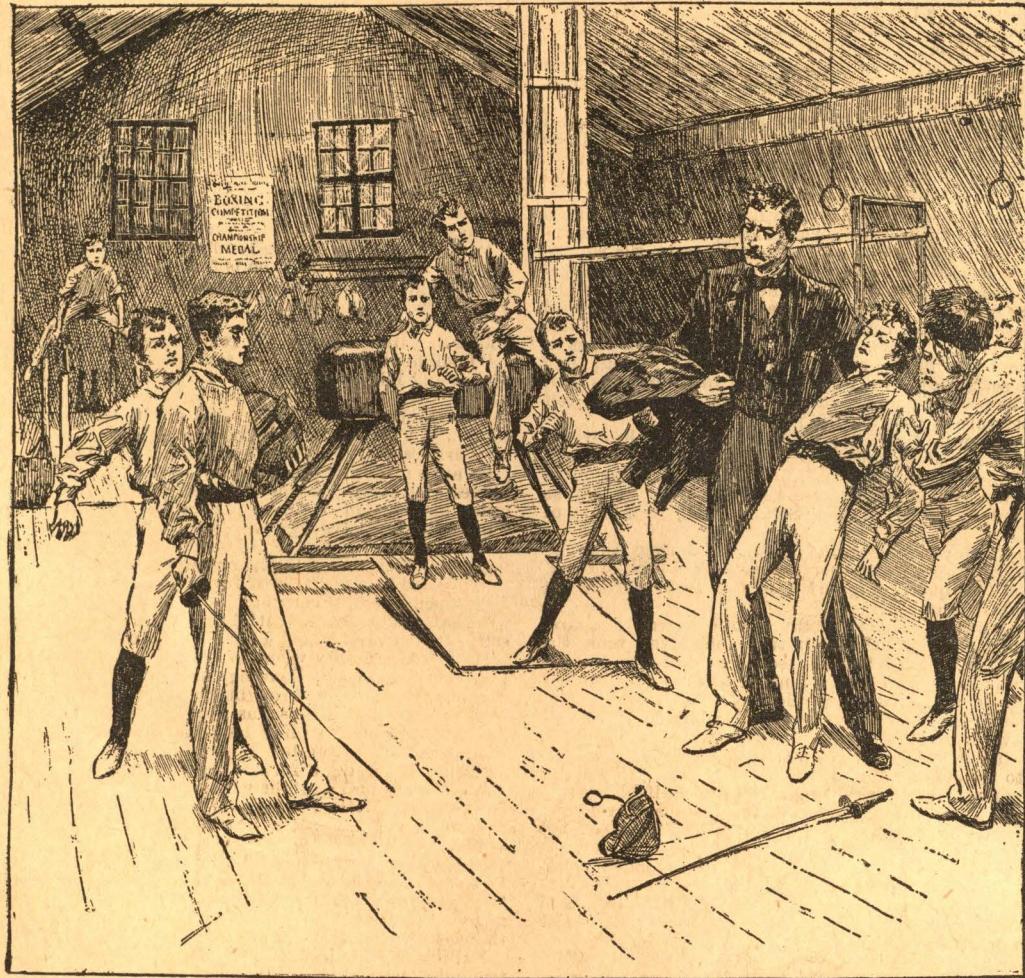
The next Naval Academy novelette by Ensign Clarke Fitch will be entitled "Clif Faraday's Failure; or, Hazed Within an Inch of His Life," Army and Navy No. 29.



TAMING THE TARTAR.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

By B. ROTHER KNIGHT.



HE DROPPED BACKWARD INTO THE STRONG ARM OF THE INSTRUCTOR (page 1323).

RUN it, Trafford—stick to your lead!”

“Now then, new kid, spurt for all you’re worth!”

“The Tartar’s run down at last, and by a new boy, too.”

“Not yet, old man. Trafford’s a beast, but he is a plucky beast, and he may wear down that new chap, Strange, yet.”

“Hi, keep it up, Strange—old Trafford’s nearly pumped. Let yourself go a bit more and you’ll have him, safe as houses!”

So yelled Bonham and Massey and the rest of the crowd from Taunton School who had come out to witness the last half mile or so of the first cross-country run that term. The boys had reluctantly concluded that the first man in would be Reggie Trafford—nicknamed “the Tartar” because of his savage and ungovernable temper—but to nearly everybody’s delight the great Trafford was being desperately pressed by

Dick Strange, who was fresh at the school that year.

The rest of the field was not in sight yet, but these two boys were making a ding-dong race of it, with scarcely a yard between them and another half mile to the finish. The yelling crowd of onlookers were hard put to it to keep up with the determined pair.

“I say, Massey, stop a bit, there’s a good fellow,” panted Bonham, who was short and plump. “I have a horrible stitch in my side.”

“Too much dinner,” said Massey, unsympathetically, pulling up nevertheless to await his chum. “Jolly good finish for the first run, isn’t it? They say Trafford wouldn’t look at a mince pie at the holidays, he was so set on winning this scorch.”

“Poor chap!” sighed Bonham, who had a fatal fondness for pastry. “Come up this mound, old man, and we can see them cross the foot-bridge and can watch them right home.”

The chums sat down on a hillock which overlooked

the valley and from which the big gates of the school on the farther crest were plainly visible.

The rest of the partisans swept on across the meadows in a howling, breathless pack.

"Here come the other starters," said Massey, presently, as a knot of runners came over the nearest slope, four or five hundred yards behind their leaders and going with a very heavy gait.

They chose their own paths, for the race was a point-to-point event, the runners choosing what course they liked between the points decided upon.

"Ah, Trafford and the other chap are off the turf now, and they have that ploughed field to cross yet before they strike the footpath to the bridge. Those furrows are simply fearful to take when you are winded—don't I just know it!" said Massey ruefully.

Next moment he started to his feet, dragging Bonham with him. "Bonny, Bonny, look!" he shrieked. "Trafford is still leading, and he's keeping away from the bridge—he means to jump the creek. Bravo, Trafford—Brav-vo!"

"Yes, and the new chap is following him!" cried Bonham, no less excited. "Of course he doesn't know how the land lies. But I say, isn't bully Trafford an artful beast, eh? He knows he can take the jump, and he thinks it will shake off the other chap—see?"

Little Bonham was right. Trafford, nearly exhausted with his hard seven-mile run, close-pressed by his unexpected rival, and shaken at every step by the rugged furrows, had suddenly thought of this device to get rid of the tireless flyer at his heels.

The creek, at the spot he was making for, deepened considerably and narrowed down to a width of some ten or eleven feet—no mighty jump in itself, but a teaser when one's muscles had lost their spring, and were set with hard running. The "take-off" was bad, too, as the bank was sloping and wet. Still, he felt pretty sure of clearing the jump.

Was it quite fair? If it balked Strange, he would have to run along the bank to the bridge, and so lose a lot of ground. Of course any fellow who knew the land would have headed for the bridge direct, and so lost only a few yards, but Strange could not know of this.

So Trafford, ready to do anything rather than be beaten before all the other fellows, made for the bank, and with a quickening stride for the leap, sprang out with all his might.

He landed neatly, with an inch or two to spare. Without an instant's hesitation, his rival took the jump, too. But he had not seen it in time to get much extra pace on, and with a huge splash he landed in the water—if that Irishism is allowable.

There were loud shouts of "Well jumped, Trafford! Well tried, new fellow!" But several boys protested that it was "rather a mean trick" to serve on a novice to the course.

Meanwhile, Strange, breathless and half-blinded by the splashing water, found his feet, waded over, and with splendid pluck set off again on the trail of the leader—now thirty yards to the good.

A grand race followed. The watchers shouted themselves deaf and hoarse as Strange picked up his broken stride, and, while the water streamed from him and squelched in his shoes, gradually regained yard after yard of his lost distance.

A quarter of a mile from home, and he was still a score of paces behind. Will he do it? the boys frantically asked each other.

Trafford heard a sudden roar of voices behind him. He glanced back—and then put his last efforts into a wild and desperate sprint, for he saw that Strange was running grandly, and overhauling him steadily.

Another look over the shoulder—he had gained on Strange in that last sprint. But next moment he felt that sickening, suffocating impotence which means "run right out," and the school was still two hundred yards away. Desperately he struggled on, but his pace was gone; he remembered now, when it was too late, that about a hundred yards was his utmost distance for an "all-in" finishing sprint; and he could have kicked himself with rage as Strange, with a steady and well-sustained, although not showily fast burst, caught him up and passed him fifty yards from home.

The boys were wild with excitement. Many openly rejoiced in the Tartar's defeat. But the bitterest drop in the boy's cup of gall was when little Tommy Birdhurst—a youngster whose arms he had often twisted to make the boy call him "Sir"—stood before him with

arms akimbo, and said pertly, "I say, Trafford, I don't mind running a race with you—and I'll give you a good fair start!"

A week had elapsed since the run, and the Tartar's dislike of the new boy who had publicly vanquished him, had deepened into something like hatred. He was a vain lad, dearly loving applause and hating defeat, and he longed to get level, or more than level, with Strange again.

At bookwork the newcomer could not approach him, but as they were in different classes this gave no consolation to Trafford's brooding vanity. It is hardly surprising therefore that his sullen temper grew steadily worse during the week.

Dick Strange, on his part, showed no actual enmity toward the Tartar, but treated him coldly and rather avoided him out of school.

Christmas afternoon found the students in the gymnasium. Strange was discussing with Massey the probable candidates to be selected from the Taunton boys for the spring competitions in fencing and boxing promoted among the boarding schools of the district.

"Perhaps you would like to enter?" put in Trafford with a sneer, seeing the new boy was carefully reading an announcement of the next contest. "If you did, it strikes me we should have a very strange display!"

"Don't try to be sharp, Trafford," sang out Massey.

"Oh, it's only that he is feeling a little acid over something," Strange said, laughing. "Tartar-ic acid, you know."

The Tartar was nettled; he could box a little, and was taller and longer in the reach than Strange.

"Look here, new kid," he said angrily, "put on the gloves and I'll give you some tartaric acid, as you call it!"

"No thanks," said Strange, "I don't want any, although you evidently have too much."

"Perhaps you're afraid?" the other retorted.

Strange made no answer, but at once put on the gloves with Massey's aid, and the two boys faced each other and began sparring. Strange had the more science, and was the lighter boxer of the two; he had come home lightly several times on the Tartar's face, when in a scrimmage the latter gave a savage uppercut that rattled Strange's teeth for him, although he partly stopped it with his right.

"That's your game, is it?" said the new boy to himself. "Very well, then, I shall hit hard too."

He feinted rapidly with his left at Trafford's head; the other guarded, leaving his side exposed, and Strange, stepping in, brought his right in heavily on Trafford's ribs. There was a sharp rally and some hard in-fighting. Strange kept his elbows well in until he got a chance to break away, when he stepped back, and avoiding a furious head-blow by ducking, came in hard and straight with his left hand in Trafford's face. There was a fierce scrambling bout, for both boys had lost their heads, and were clutching wildly, when—

"Stop that! Break away there directly, you two," broke in the voice of Sergeant Duke, the instructor. "Do you think this is a prize ring? Put down those gloves directly. I am in charge here; don't you know that boxing is only allowed under my supervision?"

Pulling off the hot gloves, Reggie Trafford stood trembling with rage and unsatisfied passion. He could feel that the flesh under his right eye was puffing and stiffening and saw one of the boys point to it with a laugh.

"You fence? Here, take one," he muttered to his opponent, snatching up two foils and holding them out; he could not trust himself to say more.

Strange would have been wiser to refuse, but his blood was up now. "Why should this fellow try his bullying tricks on me?" he thought; and still breathless from his bout with the gloves, he took one of the proffered handles, donned a mask, buttoned a leather fencing-pad across his breast, and stood on guard.

Trafford attacked him strenuously, making up in determination and passion what he lacked in skill. His greater reach, too, told more here than with the gloves, and Strange found himself hard pressed. More than once his opponent's button reached him over his guard: the boys crowded round with dubious looks, and Strange was growing nervous and wild. Suddenly he recalled his old fencing-instructor's maxim, "Steady and cool is the golden rule." At the cost of a hit to his

adversary he pulled himself together, abandoned his flurried lunging and kept his point in readiness for a real opening.

It soon came. Trafford lunged so furiously that the other's parry sent his button wide, and next instant Strange had scored a hit exactly where the stitching of Trafford's pad indicated the heart.

"Bravo, Strange!" cried Bonham the plump, from his seat on the horse.

The others laughed, and Trafford grew more furious still. He pressed the other lad more and more closely, till suddenly Strange gave a screwing twist of his wrist, the foil blades slid along each other, and with a sharp click the Tartar's weapon slipped from his grasp.

In a whirl of passion he snatched up the foil again, and as he straightened its slender blade he saw what the click meant—his weapon had lost its button.

He saw it, but he was furious and reckless—too reckless, perhaps, to wholly realize what he was doing. "I'll make him give in to me!" he muttered to himself as he came to the "engage."

A few rapid passes, another hit to Strange, and then Trafford's foil leaped out, the other parried, but too late to wholly save himself—and the sharp point, just missing the pad, entered his side!

With a shriek of pain he dropped his weapon, flung off his helmet, and stood there swaying dizzily; then he dropped backward into the strong arms of the instructor, who had run up at the startling cry.

Massey ran up to the Tartar, who had removed his helmet and stood gazing stupefied with horror and remorse.

"You've killed him, you brute!" cried Massey, snatching the weapon from his hand.

Trafford still seemed dazed. At last he whispered, "Look—blood!" and pointed to the spreading stain on his enemy's white flannel shirt.

"Some of you fetch the doctor—like the wind," shouted Duke, but the request was unnecessary, for a boy was already at the door, and in ten minutes the physician was bending over Strange as he lay propped up on the gymnasium floor.

"A nasty jagged tear along the ribs," was his verdict at last. "Painful, but happily not dangerous. Had it passed between them instead of glancing off, it might have been fatal."

Bonham raised a faint "hurrah!" but the others were too awe-struck by that terrible word "fatal" to echo it.

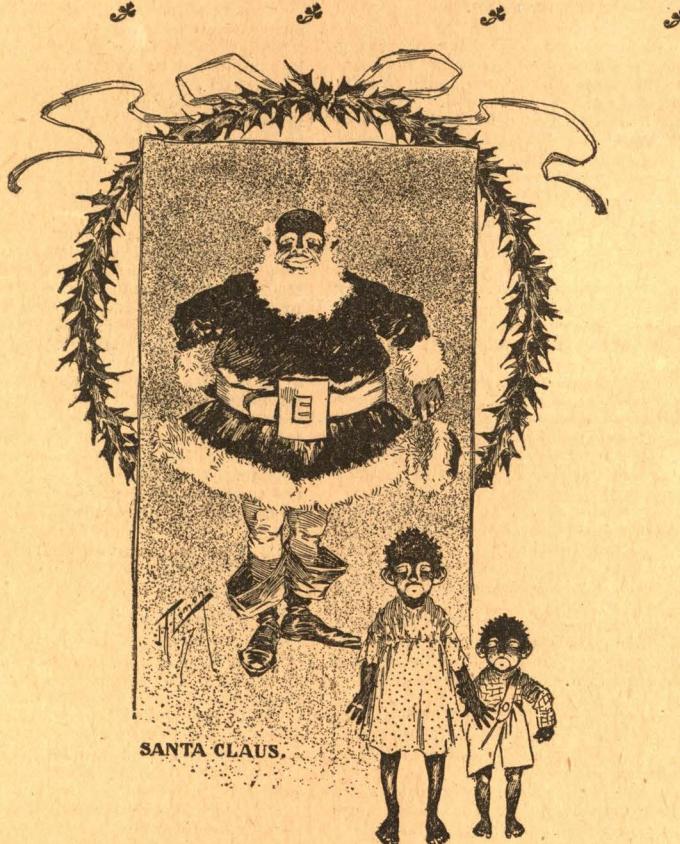
"Three or four weeks and he will be well again," resumed the doctor. "Now carry him very carefully to bed."

What happened between Trafford and the principal cannot be told here at length. The boy did what little he could do—made full confession of his fault, and showed the deepest penitence. But Mr. Melhuish was inexorable—Trafford must be expelled. In vain the unhappy lad begged for some punishment less ruinous. The only concession the principal would make was that he might see Strange and ask his forgiveness before leaving the school for ever.

That interview was over, and Trafford, too utterly hopeless even for tears, was packing his trunk with a servant's aid, when he was summoned once more to learn that Strange had begged him off! He could hardly believe the glorious news.

"I should not have allowed it," said Mr. Melhuish sternly, "but he fretted so much that the doctor said he would certainly make his wound inflamed if I insisted."

Dick Strange won the Boarding Schools gold medal for middle-weight boxing after all; and it may be added that his devoted second and attendant during the contest was one Reginald Trafford—who was now no longer, either in name or in temper, the Tartar.



Coonville's Conception of Santa Claus.

The Cryptogram

A STORY OF
NORTH-WEST CANADA

BY

WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

Author of "A Legacy of Peril," "In Forbidden Nepaul," etc.

("THE CRYPTOGRAM" was commenced last week.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in Canada in the year 1846. Denzil Carew, the assistant factor (assistant manager) of the Hudson Bay Company's post Fort Royal, is sent by his superior to Quebec to meet the latter's intended bride, Flora Hatherton, who is coming from England. On the way to Quebec, Carew saves an Indian named Grey Moose from a savage bear. While awaiting the vessel in Quebec he makes the acquaintance of one Captain Rudstone, a supposed secret officer of the Hudson Bay Company. On the arrival of the English packet ship Carew meets Flora Hatherton on the wharf, but while greeting her is interrupted by Captain Rudstone, who insists that he has a prior claim to the girl. A signal passes between them which is observed by Carew. As the latter starts to interfere there is an interruption.

CHAPTER IV.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

ROM a distance a man had been watching us steadily—I had observed him before—and now he came quickly and with an air of bravado to where we stood. He was about my own age, but a little shorter and slighter, clean-shaven, with dark eyes and thick, black hair. Though handsome in a way, the stamp of an evil and unscrupulous nature was on his bronzed features. His dress was that of a gentleman.

"Can I be of any service to you, Miss Hatherton?" the fellow began, darting an impudent glance at the captain and myself.

The girl shrank from him with aversion in her eyes.

"I need no assistance," she replied. "And I thought we had spoken the last word on the ship, Mr. Mackenzie."

"I was no party to that agreement, you will remember," the man answered, looking at her with fierce admiration. "I have been searching for you, and when I caught sight of you but a moment ago, I judged that these gentlemen were paying you unwelcome attentions. Certainly they were on the point of an altercation."

I looked to Captain Rudstone to take the matter up, but to my amazement he bowed and walked away, whispering at my ear as he passed me:

"Be prudent. I will join you at the Silver Lily."

To put his desertion down to cowardice was the only construction open.

I held my ground, wondering what strange thing would happen next. The dark man eyed me insolently for a moment, evidently expecting and hoping that I would follow my companion. Then he bent closer to Miss Hatherton.

"Why will you persist in this folly?" he asked. "You are alone in a strange land—in a strange town. I urge you to accept the shelter of my sister's house. It is but a short distance from here."

"And I refuse!" the girl cried, indignantly. "I wish no further speech with you, Mr. Mackenzie. I am not as friendless, as you think. I am going with this gentleman."

"It's a devilish bad choice!" the man exclaimed, angrily.

"What do you mean by that?" I cried, ruffling up.

"Miss Hatherton, I beg you to listen to me," he went

on, ignoring my demand. "It is for your own good—"

"Not another word, sir," she interrupted, edging nervously toward me as she spoke.

"You shall hear me!" he insisted; and with that he caught her brutally by one arm.

The girl struggled in his grasp and gazed at me with such mute and earnest pleading, with such fear and distress in her lovely eyes, that I must have been more than human to resist taking her part. I was in a hot rage, as it was, and I did not hesitate an instant. I shot out with my right arm—a straight, hard blow from the shoulder that took the ruffian between the eyes. He reeled and fell like a log.

The deed was no sooner done than I regretted—for Miss Hatherton's sake—that I had gone to such extremities. But I made the best of it by quickly leading the girl away, and she clung tightly to my arm as we hurried through the curious group of people on the quay. To my relief, none stopped us, and indeed the incident had attracted little attention. Looking back, I saw that Mr. Mackenzie was on his feet, the centre of a small crowd who were bent on preventing him from following us.

It was not long before we were off the quay, and in the shelter of the quiet streets of the town. By a few words Miss Hatherton gave me to understand that she was aware of the arrangements made for her, and that the trunk was to be sent to the Silver Lily. Then she looked into my face with a sad and grateful smile that set my heart to fluttering.

"I am glad to have found such a friend and protector," she said. "You have done me a great service, and one that I will not forget, Mr. Carew—I think that is your name. But I fear you have not seen the last of Mr. Mackenzie."

"He will be wise to let the affair drop," I replied. "I count it an honor and a pleasure, Miss Hatherton, that I had the opportunity of helping you. If the man seeks satisfaction, he shall have it."

She glanced at me with some surprise, and with a tinge of amusement, I fancied.

"Are you a Canadian?" she asked.

"A native-born child of My Lady of the Snows," said I.

"And you have never been in England?"

"No nearer than Quebec," I answered.

"I should not have believed it," she replied. Then, after a pause: "I met Cuthbert Mackenzie on board the Good Hope. He sailed with me from London, and from the first I disliked him. He constantly forced his attentions upon me, though he saw that they were

hateful to me; and when I refused to have anything to do with him, he even went so far as to threaten. I hope I have seen the last of him."

"He shall not annoy you again," said I.

She was silent for a moment.

"Shall we find Captain Rudstone at the hotel?" she asked.

"I believe so," I answered, hiding my annoyance at the question. "He made an abrupt departure, Miss Hatherton."

"Perhaps he had good reasons," she replied; and with that the matter dropped.

The rest of the distance was all too short for me. It was a novel thing that I, who had scarce spoken ten words to a woman before in my life, should be playing the gallant to as pretty a girl as could be found in Quebec. But she had put me quite at my ease, and mightily proud I felt when I gave her into the care of Madame Ragoul, though the thought that she was the promised bride of old Griffith Hawke seemed to bring a lump to my throat. I bade her good bye for the present in the upper hall of the house, and going down stairs, I sauntered into the room behind the bar. There sat Captain Rudstone, a glass of wine before him.

"You have just come?" said I.

"But a moment ago," he answered coldly, and with a sour look. "What is the meaning of this strange affair, Mr. Carew?"

"I had to knock the impudent rascal down," I replied.

"I do not refer to that," said he, with a grim smile. "I witnessed the whole trouble."

"From a distance," I ventured.

His eyes flashed.

"Have a care," he muttered. "I am not in a trifling mood. Tell me, what took you to the quay this morning to meet Miss Heatherton?"

"I might ask you the same question," I replied.

"Will you answer me, sir?"

"There is no reason why I should not," said I. "Miss Hatherton was sent over to become the wife of the factor of Fort Royal. I met her in accordance with my instructions, and we are to take the first ship that sails for Hudson's Bay."

Captain Rudstone's hard expression softened; he looked astonished and relieved.

"I am glad the matter is cleared up," he said. "It is plainly a case of killing two birds with one stone. I will be equally frank Mr. Carew. I was directed by the Governor of the company to await the arrival of the Good Hope, and to receive from Miss Hatherton a packet of important despatches secretly entrusted to her in London by Lord Selkirk."

It was my turn to be amazed. I saw that each of us had suspected the other without cause."

"I also sail on the first ship for the Bay," the captain went on. "I am charged with the duty of delivering Lord Selkirk's letters of instructions to the northern forts. This is a serious matter, Mr. Carew. There is trouble brewing, and it may break out at any time. So the head office is zealously preparing for it. By-the-by do you know who this Mr. Mackenzie is?"

I shook my head.

"He is an official and a spy of the Northwest Company," said Captain Rudstone, "and he has been in London working for the interests of his people. I was aware of this when he approached us on the quay, and I hurried away so that he might be the less suspicious as to my dealings with the young lady."

"I did you an injustice," said I. "What I had just heard caused me much uneasiness, and I foresaw possible unpleasant complications."

"It was a natural mistake," replied Captain Rudstone. "I overlook it. But speaking of Mackenzie—the letters would be of the utmost value to him if he could get hold of them. I don't believe he suspected the girl during the voyage, or he would have robbed her; but I am afraid he saw her withdraw the packet from her bosom. I made her put it back at once."

"He was standing near us on the quay for some time," said I. "does he know who you are?"

"It is quite likely! Hang it all, Mr. Carew. I don't like the look of things! I'm going to do a little spying about the town on my own account; but first it is important that I should see Miss Hatherton."

I did not relish the idea of disturbing the girl so soon after her arrival, and I was about to say as much. But just then appeared Madame Ragoul, with a request that my companion would accord an interview

to Miss Hatherton. He departed with alacrity, and I took it with an ill grace that I should be left out of the matter. I waited for a long time, seeking consolation in the thought that I alone would be the girl's protector in future, and at length Captain Rudstone returned.

"I have the despatches," he announced, tapping his breast.

"You were an hour about it," said I, petulantly.

"Oh, ho!" he laughed; "so the wind blows from that quarter! But I am no lady's man, Mr. Carew. And Miss Hatherton is not for either of us, rare beauty though she is—ay, and a girl of pluck and spirit. She is bound by a sacred promise—a promise to the dead—to marry that old fossil, Griffith Hawke. I knew him seven years ago. A fine husband indeed for such a maid!"

The captain's foolish insinuation angered me, and I felt myself blushing furiously, but I said nothing.

"It is a sad story," he went on. "I persuaded the girl to give me her confidence. It seems that her father, a gentleman of good family, was a friend of Lord Selkirk. Some months ago he lost every shilling he had in the world through unwise speculation, and the shock killed him. On his death-bed he sent for Selkirk, and begged him to care for his daughter, who would be left quite alone in the world. The old rascal persuaded the father that the girl could not do better than go out to the Canadas and marry the factor of Fort Royal—he had received Hawke's application for a wife at about this time. The result was that Flora yielded and consented—I daresay there was no way out of it—and Selkirk took advantage of the opportunity to send these important letters with her; he knew she was the last person that would be suspected of having them. This much may be put in Selkirk's favor: he visited Canada some years ago, and took a fancy to Hawke."

"The factor is a gentleman born," said I, "but he is past fifty. And think of the life! It is a sad pity for the girl."

"She knows what is before her," replied the captain, "and she seems to be resigned. To tell the truth, though, I half believe there is something at the back of it all—that some deeper cause drove her out here. Nothing to her discredit, I mean."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"A chance remark that she let fall," he answered.

I would have questioned Captain Rudstone more closely, but just then he drained his glass and rose with an air of sudden determination.

"I have work to do," he said, gravely, as he put on his hat. "I must keep track of Cuthbert Mackenzie. Miss Hatherton knew nothing of his real character, and I am satisfied that he knew as little of her while they were at sea. But what he may have learned since landing is a different matter. I will come back here this evening, and meanwhile I would advise you to remain in the hotel. There is a sailing for the Bay in a week, as you probably know, and I shall be heartily glad when we are at sea. Cuthbert Mackenzie is a serpent that stings in the dark."

He bade me good morning, and was gone.

CHAPTER V.

THE ALARM IN THE NIGHT.

It was about eleven o'clock of the forenoon when Captain Rudstone departed. I smoked a quiet pipe, and then sought out Baptiste; he had a little box of a room over the hotel kitchen. I found the rascal but half-sobered, so heavily had he liquored on the previous night, and I angrily bade him stay in bed for the rest of the day. Miss Hatherton did not come down to dinner, and I had for company in the coffee-room Mr. Christopher Burley; there were no other guests in the house at the time.

Neither of us was in a talkative mood, and very brief speech passed between us. But shortly after the meal I met him again at the bar, where he was paying his account. He looked ready for a journey, having his hat on and a portmanteau in his hand.

"You are leaving, sir?" I asked, politely.

"I return to Montreal to-day," he replied, "and later I go West. You, I believe, are bound shortly for the North."

I nodded assent.

"We may meet in the future," he went on; "and meanwhile I trust you will remember that name—Osmund Malden."

"I will bear it in mind," I promised, "and I wish you every success in your errand."

With that we parted, the law clerk thanking me warmly and giving me his hand. That I should ever see him again, or run across the man of whom he was in search, were things so utterly improbable that I gave them no second thought. But I was to learn in later days how small a place the world really was.

I spent the afternoon in the hotel, for I was satisfied that Captain Rudstone's caution against venturing in the streets was not to be despised. He had gone up several degrees in my estimation since the little cloud of mutual suspicion had cleared away. I did not doubt that he was as zealous for the interests of the company as myself, and, moreover, I felt that he would prove a trusty friend should Mr. Cuthbert Mackenzie try to give me any trouble. That the captain was to sail on the same ship to the Bay was a matter less to my liking, though I hardly knew why. He was of a type that a youngster like myself usually looks up to, and he had flattered me by giving me his full confidence; but he never seemed quite at ease in my presence, or inclined to stare me straight in the eyes, which I could not account for.

The time passed listlessly. I chatted for a while with Monsieur Ragoul, and watched the customers who came in to drink. I could not put Miss Hatherton out of my mind. As often as I remembered that she was to share the long sea voyage with me, the joy of it was marred by the picture of old Griffith Hawke waiting at Fort York for his bride. I was angry at myself for taking the thing so much to heart—uneasy because a woman could thus interest me.

I had hoped to see her that afternoon, but she did not make her appearance until the late supper time. We sat down to table together, and it gave me a strange thrill to see her sitting opposite. She looked more lovely than ever without her bonnet and in a black gown relieved by some touches of creamy lace. I fear I stared at her stupidly, and was dull of conversation; but she chatted freely of the wonderful things to be seen in London, and I was sorry when the meal was over. Miss Hatherton then offered me a dainty hand and bade me good night, saying that she had not been able to sleep all day, and intended to retire early.

I finished my bottle of wine, and went up stairs to my room on the third and top floor of the hotel—a meagre little hole where I, used to a blanket and fir-boughs, had always felt cramped and stifled. But now I wished to be alone, and for some hours I sat there without a light, smoking and thinking. A distant clock had just pealed eleven when I heard the unbolting of a door downstairs—the house had been closed for the night. A little later, after the stir and sound of voices had died away, light footsteps fell on my ear, and there was a rap at the door. I hurriedly lit a candle.

"Come in!" I cried, thinking I knew what it meant.

Captain Rudstone entered, closing the door softly behind him. With a nod he threw himself into a chair, helped himself to a pipeful of my tobacco, and looked inscrutably at me through a cloud of smoke.

"So you are still up?" he began. "I expected to find you in bed. Have you been away from the hotel?"

"Not outside of the door," I replied.

"I have left my old lodging," he went on, "and Monsieur Ragoul has given me a room next to yours."

"I rejoice to hear it," I said, politely. "And have you learned anything to-day?"

"Mr. Mackenzie will demand satisfaction for that blow," the captain answered, coolly.

"He shall have it," said I.

"He is a skilled swordsman and a deadly shot, Mr. Carew."

"I will meet him with either weapon," I declared, hotly.

"There must be no fighting, if it can be avoided," replied the captain.

"That is a matter which rests with me," said I.

"But how do you know all this?"

"I put a man on the track," was the reply. "He overheard Mackenzie talking with two boon companions who are as deep in the plotting of the Northwest Company as himself. Unfortunately, he learned no more than I have told you, and he lost the trail at an early hour this evening in the upper town."

"I shall depend on you to see me through the affair," said I.

"I fear there is mischief brewing in another quarter," the captain replied. "To be frank, Mr. Carew, you and I and Miss Hatherton are in a decidedly unpleasant situation. Or, to leave the girl out of it, you and I must decide a very delicate question. Shall we stand by our honor, or shall we choose the best interests of the company we serve?"

"Make your meaning plainer," said I. "As yet I am in the dark."

"The point is this," the captain answered, gravely. "If we wait for the company's ship, which sails in a week, serious things may happen—not to speak of the duel. I happen to know that a trading vessel leaves the river to-morrow morning for the Bay. The captain is a friend of mine, and he will give the three of us a passage."

"This is the last proposition I should have looked for from you, Captain Rudstone," I replied, indignantly. "Would you have me slink away like a thief in the night, giving Cuthbert Mackenzie the pleasure of branding me far and wide as a coward? It is not to be thought of, sir."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and meditatively blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

"I admire your spirit," he said, "but not your discretion. Am I to understand, then, Mr. Carew, that you choose honor before duty?"

I looked at him speechlessly. He had a cutting way of putting things, and it dawned on me that there was indeed two sides to the question. But before I could find words to reply, the silence of the June night was broken by a shrill scream directly below us. It was followed by a cry for help, and I was sure I recognized Miss Hatherton's voice.

With one impulse, Captain Rudstone and I drew our pistols and sprang to our feet. In a trice we were out in the hall, and plunging recklessly down the stairs. We heard distant calls of alarm from the lower part of the house, and a woman's voice, ringing loudly and close at hand, guided us to Miss Hatherton's room. Captain Rudstone burst the door from its fastenings by a single effort, and I followed him over the threshold. The moon was shining through an open window, and by its pale light the girl darted toward us, her snowy nightdress trailing behind her, and her dishevelled hair flowing about her shoulders.

"Save me!" she cried, hysterically. "Save me from Cuthbert Mackenzie!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



JACK TAR'S LETTERS HOME.



POINT of difference between the enlisted men of the army and navy is that while the average soldier is a persistent and fairly capable letter writer, the blue jacket and the sea soldier will travel any length to wriggle out of the necessity of handling a pen. This difference is of course almost entirely a matter of environment. The soldier has his ample bunk, his gear chest, the tables in the day room of his quarters, and the well-furnished desks of the post library to pick from for letter-writing purposes; the sailor or the marine has only his 8x12-inch ditty box, held perforce between the knees, and therefore no very stable affair for the exercise of penmanship. Of course there are some sailors and some marines who write letters home or elsewhere, but these are mostly the landsmen, recently shipped, and the recruits, suffering from the lonesomeness and the isolation of early uniform wearing. A seaman with a rating badge on his arm, or a sea soldier with an enlistment stripe or two on his sleeve, is not often seen on a man-of-war with a pen in his fist. Yet the old-timers, especially when they are on remote foreign stations, are exceedingly fond of receiving mail when the mail steamers arrive at the ports in which their ships lie; and, oddly enough, those among them who are the rarest writers often receive the heaviest mail.

The ship's writer does the absolutely necessary writing for the bluejackets and marines, who despise the manipulation of the pen. Sometimes, if he is a newly rated ship's writer, he does the work for nothing; but the ship's writer who has been in the service long enough to have worn out several eagles on the sleeve of his mustering shirt is not so amiable. He establishes a set of charges for his ink-slinging labors, and thereby fattens his income considerably in the course of a cruise. Nor does it seem unreasonable that the ship's writer should exact fees for this sort of work, for he has to snatch intervals between his really heavy labors of an official character to perform it, and it is the merest indolence, after all, that prompts man-of-war's men to employ another man to write their letters for them. The three yeomen of a warship—all of them sixty-dollars-a-month chief petty officers—occasionally write letters for particular chums among their shipmates who feel their incapacity for pen work, but they are not appealed to by the crew in general for favors of this sort, as is the ship's writer. There is some excuse for the genuine old-timers among the bluejackets for not doing their own letter writing, for their hands, after many years of man-o'-war deck labor, or 'toil down below in engine and fire rooms, become stiffened and their fingers bent and rigid, thus making pen work out of the question for them. But for the old-time marine, who during his entire service has never been called upon to do any harder work than pipe-claying his belt, and whose hands remain as flexible as a woman's, there is no excuse sufficient to warrant his paying the ship's writer for doing his letters for him, while he himself puts in all his leisure time playing pinocle on the spar deck.

A ship's writer often has queer jobs on his hands in the way of writing shipmates' letters. He writes letters to sweethearts, wives, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles and aunts, all sorts and conditions of relatives, and friends of the man for whom he does the job. The sweetheart letters preponderate. Letters to wives come next. Almost every return letter that a man-of-war's man gets from wife or sweetheart contains a reproach for his indifference or callousness in permitting another man to write his letters for him; reproaches which are of course ignored when the ship's writer indites the next epistle to them.

The letters which the ships' writers execute for the married men among their clients aboard ship are usually of a much more tepid character, beginning and ending in commonplaces. "Ship got here last week; start to-morrow night for Tangier; hope the kids are all right; why don't you send me some more

papers?"—this is a sort of sketch of the style of document the writer gets up for shipment to the wives in home ports. Very often, however, these matrimonial epistles relate chiefly to the matter of money, and then there is a whole lot of warmth infused into them. The wife writes to her husband on the China station inquiring why he is not sending her regularly through the paymaster her share of his pay, or, perhaps, demanding an increase in the allowance. Here is where the ship's writer's diplomacy must exhibit itself. The recipient of the letter, in giving instructions for the reply, often employs language that might be all right up forward under the to-gallant fo'c'sle, for the instruction of the parrots hanging in their cages to the hammock hooks, but would make the man who expressed it on paper liable to imprisonment for using the mails for profane purposes. Therefore, in these financial snarls, it is the writer's business to dump his mental oil of peace upon the troubled waters, and, to their credit be it said ship's writers succeed in healing many a breach opened wide by the inopportune and very often unjust letters sent by wives to their man-of-war husbands.

As a general thing the man-of-war's man puts off answering his absolutely necessary letters until the last moment. About two-fifths of the sailors and marines who get the writer to do their correspondence for them wait until the bo'sun's mate on deck passes the word as to the time of departure of the mail orderly, as "All hands that's got any mail for the United States get it in by 3 o'clock; mail ship sails at 4:30." Then the loungers and pinocle players on deck go through a thigh-slapping performance and bethink them that it is imperatively necessary that such and such a letter they received in the last mail must have a reply, whereupon all hands among these make a swoop upon the ship's writer. With the writer it is a case of first come first served, and on mail-departing day he is the busiest man on the ship. The letters he writes on these days are characterized by that brevity which is the soul of wit; and, employing the utmost brevity, he is often unable to work off more than half the letters he is asked to write on these days, to the profound disgust of the procrastinators who get left.

Mail-arriving day on the remote foreign stations is a pretty sizable occasion on an American man-of-war. The men eagerly await the word, generally brought off by the cox'un of the steam cutter, that the steamer carrying United States mail has been sighted "off the heads," and they scan the horizon carefully for her appearance. Mail for a man-of-war is carried in separate bags on the mail steamers, so that when the steamer hauls into harbor the warship's cutter, carrying the boarding officer and the mail orderly, puts off for her. In expectation of such boarding, all of the man-of-war's mail has been got up on the steamer's deck, and is thrust over the rail into the cutter while the boarding officer is in the steamer's cabin with the skipper. Then the warship's boarding officer hops back into the cutter, big and little boat being still in motion, and the United States mail is on the way to the man-of-war, the whole ship's company standing around the decks waiting for its distribution. The mail orderly carries all of the bags aft to the cabin, sorts out the mail for the officers first, and sends that for the enlisted men forward in armsful by the marine orderly. The master-at-arms clears a space, the mail is dumped in front of him, and he calls off the addresses, taking letters first, papers second, and packages last. Several bags full of mail are thus issued in a short space of time. There is always an accumulation of letters for men who have deserted, died, or been transferred, and these the master-at-arms puts aside and takes care of afterward. Man-of-war's men's friends and relatives in the United States send them enormous bunches of Sunday papers, and saloons largely patronized by sailors in the big American maritime cities forward great packages of papers and magazines addressed to the whole ship's company for distribution by the master-at-arms.—*New York Sun.*

SAINT NICK UP-TO-DATE.

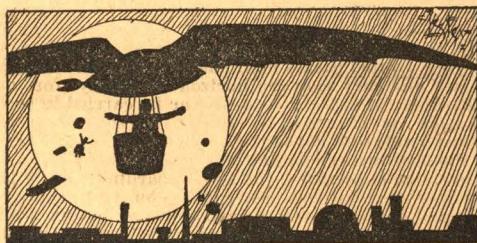


I.

In days of long ago, St. Nick,
So fairy tales declare,
With a sleigh and fiery reindeer
Went sailing through the air.

II.

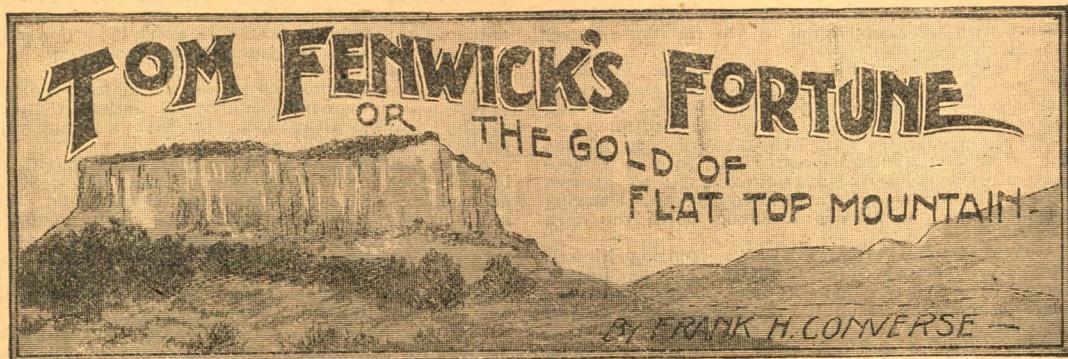
But Santa, dear old boy, is quick
The world's advance to feel,
So now he goes his yearly round
On the latest make of wheel.



III.

And when a hundred years from now
He starts upon his cruise,
A brand-new clipper airship
Is doubtless what he'll use.





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("TOM FENWICK'S FORTUNE" was commenced in No. 19. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER XXX.

GEARY TAKES THE WAPATH.

GT was about an hour after sunrise when, with an aching head, a dizzy brain, and general sense of physical discomfort, Dutch Geary, roused from his slumber of intoxication, suddenly erected himself under the wagon body.

All was silent about the camp. An occasional "hee-haw" from the long-eared mule, tethered close to the river bank, together with the stamping of the ponies, reminded him that there were three additional animals somewhere on the premises.

This recalled to Mr. Geary's bewildered brain that the afternoon—or was it the evening before?—he had had visitors who provided a substitute for the "biters" of which he had been deprived by—Tom!

Tom and Phil! Where were they? Geary groaned and rubbed his aching head with his calloused palms.

"Ach Himmel! I am one fool—worse than ten fool! They pump me dry while der drink wos in me! All about der raft—!"

Geary started to his feet. The raft! What if Montez and his companions had reached the summit of Flat Top?

Hurrying to the river bank, Geary glanced at the tree trunk. The line was still there, but a pull at it showed that nothing was attached to its further extremity, which was out of sight around the projection of the cliff.

What did it mean? Had Tom and Phil detached it from the raft, to prevent any possibility of the latter being used by the unwelcome visitors? But—where was Montez with his two companions?

In vain Geary shouted—only the echoes replied, and gradually a suspicion of the truth began to come to him. And to his credit be it said, the possible loss of more or less of the gold of Flat Top Mountain was of secondary importance as compared with anything that might happen to the two manly, plucky young fellows whose lot had been cast in with his own.

"If they harm one hair of their head," muttered Geary, with a mighty oath, "I kill ev'ry man so quick as one dog!"

Remember, Geary spoke according to his light. "An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth," was the grim code which his border experience had taught him. A life for a life was only retributive justice in the eyes of the unlearned borderman, who had never read that "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord—I will repay."

Taking a spare axe from the wagon, Geary felled half a dozen young cottonwoods—working with the fierce energy of a man having some desperate purpose in view. In an incredibly short time a raft was prepared and launched. Hauling in the slack line, Geary, muttering to himself, made the end fast to the logs. Then, carefully examining his rifle, he slung it across his shoulders, and, stepping upon the raft, slacked it

around the projection. That the raft used by Tom and Phil was missing, a glance at the shelving ledge of rock showed him.

Filled with a vague alarm, whose nature Geary did not stop to define, he secured the logs and began his ascent.

Hardly stopping to take breath after arriving at the top, the prospector started forward, with his rifle unslung. Bareheaded and with tightly compressed lips, he crossed the intervening space between the top of the ascent and the ruined pueblo with astonishing swiftness.

Beyond lay the quarry—his destination. Voices in loud altercation reached his ear, speaking in the Spanish tongue.

Gripping his rifle a little tighter, Geary stole cautiously forward. Three men, stripped to their waists, as if they had been toiling with fierce energy, stood around a great heap of gravel near the shaft, gesticulating and raising their voices after the manner of the excitable Mexican. Their guns and revolvers lay in a careless pile a little way distant from the group. Evidently they had no fear of interruption from outsiders.

"And tev boys wos nowhere in sight," Geary muttered, with a face as black as a thundercloud.

His limited knowledge of Spanish enabled him to understand the drift of the men's heated argument, which grew more and more violent. It would seem that Montez was claiming an equal share with the two others, one of whom opposed, while his companion, who evidently held the reckless halfbreed in wholesome awe, rather sided with Montez himself.

Suddenly, and without a word of warning, Montez stepped back a couple of paces and drew his knife. The Mexican with whom he was quarreling snatched his discarded hunting-shirt from the ground, and, twisting it dexterously about his left arm, as a help to parrying the expected cut or thrust, followed Montez's example.

"If dey kill one 'noder like ter Kilkenny cat, mebbe dat saves me some troubles," grimly muttered the unseen spectator.

But wily Montez had planned it otherwise. His muscular fingers shifted from the handle to the point of the keen-pointed blade with lightning-like rapidity. One backward jerk of his arm and the murderous weapon went hurtling through the air.

The Mexican, clapping his left hand to his breast, staggered and fell. At the same moment the sharp report of Geary's rifle rang out, and a ball went whizzing past the ear of the would-be murderer, who, uttering a cry of terror and surprise, turned and fled. The prospector, uttering an imprecation upon his nerves unstrung by his previous night's potations, sprang forward from his hiding-place, ejecting the discharged shell from his rifle and pushing another to place.

The remaining Mexican made a bolt in the opposite direction, but Geary gave him no heed.

Throwing forward his rifle, he started in full pursuit of the flying halfbreed, who took his way down

the depression, incited to renewed exertion by Geary's vengeful cries.

Straight on toward the miniature crater Montez dashed with blind, impetuous speed—for the avenger was at his heels.

Twice Geary threw his rifle to his cheek. But Montez, glancing over his shoulder, swerved and twisted his lithe body in such a manner that Geary, knowing the unsteadiness of his nerves, withheld his fire.

All at once Montez saw the black mouth of the crater yawning almost beneath him. With a tremendous effort he stopped short, but as he did so his feet struck a projection of lava on the outer rim. Uttering a wild shriek, he pitched headlong down the dark abyss.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Geary, pulling himself up. A shudder shook his iron frame when an instant later a little puff of vapor rose and mingled with the morning mists, as though it were the escaping soul of the man who had met such a terrible fate.

"Ten teefel hat got his own," murmured Geary, with uncharitable fervor. And a following mutter and rumble from beneath seemed to him to suggest acquiescence.

But no time was to be lost. Geary felt sure that as soon as the remaining Mexican recovered from his sudden panic he would return and secure a weapon—then, one or the other must fall. For the other Mexican would never relinquish his illegal claim to the gold of Flat Top Mountain. And if he could put the prospector out of the way, it might all be his own.

Speedily retracing his steps, Geary found that the Mexican had been before him—the weapons were already gone. Probably even then his enemy was lying in ambush—perhaps in the ruined pueblo.

A low moan from the man stricken down by Montez's knife called Geary's attention. That the Mexican was dying seemed but too evident—bleeding internally, as Geary saw by a glance at the spot where the fatal blade had penetrated.

A half emptied bottle of aguardiente stood near the winch. Kneeling beside the prostrate form, the prospector poured a few drops of the fiery liquid down the man's throat. This seemed to revive him momentarily.

Muttering his small stock of Spanish, Geary eagerly asked regarding the fate of Tom and Phil.

A groan escaped his lips, as with some difficulty Geary made out the broken reply. Montez's fiendish ingenuity had suggested a novel form of revenge, and so that the two were put out of the way of interfering with their possession of the gold, the brutal Mexicans cared nothing how it was accomplished. Bound and helpless, they had been placed upon the raft, cast adrift, and pushed into the boiling current by the hand of Montez himself.

The Mexican breathed his last soon after this terrible revelation. And Geary, more vengeful than ever, started off in desperate mood to hunt down the surviving murderer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VOYAGE ON THE RAFT.

It is not unlikely that Tom and Phil's captors had reasoned that the loss of the raft itself was offset by the easy way of getting rid of the two troublesome claimants to the gold of Flat Top Mountain.

For themselves they could easily cut timber on the summit, and tumble it down to the landing place; or, in an extreme emergency, lower themselves and their gold by a line of sufficient length.

However this might be, the statement made by the dying Mexican was substantially true. With his own hand Montez had pushed the raft fairly into the full strength of the rushing tide, calling out some mocking word of farewell.

Now when his wrists were hastily lashed together, Phil had taken advantage of a trick known to sleight-of-hand performers. He "bulged out," if I may use the expression, his hands, so that when brought back to their normal position the lashings were comparatively slack.

No sooner, therefore, had the raft got fairly into the embrace of the swift current, than Phil succeeded in wriggling his hands free. To get at his pocket-knife and release his friend was the work of an instant.

True, doomed as they appeared to be to almost certain destruction, this would not seem to help their

case in any marked degree. To swim in such a seething, swirling torrent would almost be like trying to swim in the rapids of Niagara. Still, it was better to make a fight for life, even with every chance against them, than to have to yield, bound and helpless, to the inevitable.

No words were spoken by either as the frail raft was swept on with ever increasing speed. Indeed, the noise of the river was already so great that a human voice could not be heard above its roar.

As the frail support to which they clung convulsively was swept onward, the rocky banks grew higher and steeper, with no sign of shore or foothold, even had they been elsewhere than in the very middle of the current. To all human appearance there was not a vestige of hope. Phil seemed to realize this as fully as Tom himself. Clinging to the raft lashings with one hand he silently extended the other to his companion who met it with a long, lingering clasp.

Swifter and swifter sped the raft, and the frowning walls of the beginning of the canyon further on seemed to sweep past with lightning-like velocity. But not faster than the sweep of Tom's backward range of thought, which pictured with photographic accuracy the most trivial—as also the most important—events of his past life. And a prayer went up from his heart that his Heavenly Father would forgive his sins of thought, word, and deed—things venial in themselves perhaps, yet sins nevertheless.

With a deep and more ominous roar, the river plunged downward between steep, uprising walls of stone, so high that the narrow strip of sky far overhead seemed to shut directly down upon the top of the awful chasm.

On and on—and now the black river, rapidly widening, seemed to push back the lofty barriers on either hand. Every moment (so Tom says) he expected to hear the louder roar of some great cataract, over which would come one final plunge—and their doom be sealed. But unlike the river in the great canyon of the Colorado, the Rio Salinas, though of tremendous volume and swiftness, flows downward to its union with the first named body of water comparatively free from mid stream boulders, dangerous rapids, or sudden falls.

And still the river widened, though there was an apparent lessening in the height of the precipitous cliffs rising a thousand feet above them on either side.

All at once, in the distance, what seemed to be a great island—verdure clad and partly wooded—rose in the very middle of the current, splitting it into two great streams.

Nearer and nearer it drew, and when its northern point, fringed with willows, came into full view, the speed of the raft began perceptibly to slacken—checked, as was immediately evident, by the reflex action of an eddy formed by the sudden division of the river.

"If we only had an oar!" shouted Tom in his friend's ear—for the roar of the double tide was such as to drown an ordinary voice.

But they hadn't; yet with an upspringing of hope, the two drenched voyagers saw that the raft, caught in the great eddy, was being drawn nearer and nearer to the shelving point.

A sudden thought occurred to Tom, and signing Phil to follow his example, he slipped from the logs, and hanging to one end of the raft, began swimming, with it before him, toward the desired shore.

Aided by the efforts of Phil, who had at once obeyed, the raft was slowly impelled in the required direction. And after half an hour of exhausting labor, the feet of both touched the hard bottom. A short interval of combined pushing and wading, and the raft touched the shore.

Scarcely able to speak, the two managed to drag their exhausted limbs up from the pebbly beach to a grassy slope warmed by the rays of the midday sun, where they stretched themselves till they should have recovered breath.

I feel quite sure that just then each in his own way sent up a silent thanksgiving for their marvelous escape. Indeed, Tom afterward acknowledged as much to their biographer, the present writer.

A grove of low cottonwood hid the interior of the island from view. On either hand rolled the dark tide, while beyond rose the insurmountable rock walls, ridged and seamed by the tooth of time. To all intents and purposes, Tom and Phil were as much shut off

from communication with the outer world as though they had been shipwrecked on some island in mid ocean.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

As the sun disappeared over the western wall of the canyon, Tom and Phil resumed their partly dry clothing. And wet deerskin, wet never so slightly, has a remarkably uncomfortable feeling, to say nothing of its inevitable tendency to shrinkage.

Yet these minor discomforts were of small moment to two healthy young fellows, inured by weeks and months of hardship to all sorts of similar unpleasantness. And having rested themselves sufficiently they began their explorations.

"Cattle! How under the sun did they get here?" Tom suddenly exclaimed.

For as they emerged from the timber belt into a wide, grassy plain many acres in extent, their astonished eyes were greeted with the sight of scattered "bunches" of feeding cattle. Nor at a nearer approach did they seem to be alarmed at the sight of the newcomers, as is the case with the half wild cattle of the plains.

"They are so unacquainted with men,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

Phil, who was beginning to recover his natural buoyancy to some extent, repeated the lines half laughingly. For two or three of the feeding cows lifted their heads for a moment, to stare in mild-eyed surprise, and then resumed their grazing.

"Looks more as though their tameness might be due to an acquaintance with man," was Tom's response.

"And—by Jove it is!" exclaimed Phil, excitedly.

Before them, under a wide spreading eucalyptus, stood a small log cabin, such as are common to the dwellers on the plains. And standing with folded arms near the door was the motionless figure of a man, whose eyes were upturned to the dimly seen forest line on the edge of the towering cliff's a thousand feet overhead.

A ringing shout from impetuous Phil Amsted caused the owner of the cabin to give a sudden start, as though a bullet had struck him. He turned quickly, and his arms dropped to his sides, as with dilated eyes he stood seemingly spellbound at the sight of the two young fellows hurrying toward him.

After all these years! Thank God—oh, thank God!!

The words seemed to fall involuntarily from his lips, as, without moving from the spot, he gazed at the newcomers, who on their own part hardly knew what to say at first.

"I don't wonder you're surprised, sir," said Tom, frankly, "but we got set adrift on a raft miles and miles above the canyon—"

"Never mind explaining now! I see you're both wet and shivering," eagerly interrupted the man. "Come in—come in—such as I have you are welcome to. Why, this is like a dream! Yours are the first human faces I have seen—the first voices I have heard, excepting my own, for over twelve years!"

Tom exchanged glances of dismay with his companion. Twelve years! It looked very much as though they were exiled for life.

But unconscious of this byplay, the speaker ushered the two into the cabin, where in a rude stone fireplace at one end a cheerful blaze was burning.

"You are hungry as well as cold," continued their host, before either could speak; "now let me see—"

With eager haste he brought from rude shelves at the opposite end of the cabin two curiously shaped pipkins of a reddish clay, not unlike those they had noticed among the household utensils of the ruined pueblo.

"Stewed veal, warmed over, isn't so bad, and here's some of the boiled corn I had left from dinner," he ran on, placing the two pipkins in the hottest of the blaze.

While these hospitable preparations were in progress, Tom and Phil had opportunity to observe their entertainer more closely.

He was a man beyond middle age, with tanned features half hidden in a wilderness of beard, which, like his long unkempt hair, was thickly sprinkled with gray.

His hunting shirt and leggings were patched and pieced

with some sort of dressed hide until the original fabric had almost disappeared. His head was bare, and his feet shod with rude buckskins evidently made by his own hand.

The interior of the cabin was in itself almost as much of a curiosity as its owner. The interstices between the logs were "chinked" with a mixture of clay and moss or dry grass. There was a substitute for a table—two rude stools, the shelves before mentioned, and a bunk filled with skins—a pile of which were huddled in one corner of the room.

"I would offer you a change of dry clothing," said the strange host, whose tones were full of a repressed excitement, "only unfortunately I carry my entire wardrobe on my back. But the supper—such as it is—is ready. Satisfy your hunger and then tell me what has been going on in the world since I left it."

Well, both had ravenous appetites, whose edge had not been blunted in the least by privation, peril and loss. Though the food was served on curiously fashioned metal plates evidently of great antiquity, and eaten from spoons not unskillfully carved from horn, never had a meal tasted so delicious.

"Of course you wonder how I came here," began their entertainer, before the two had fairly finished eating: "and I can tell you in a very few words. Twelve or thirteen years ago, as nearly as I can figure it, three of us started on a prospecting trip bound for what is called Flat Top Mountain in Arizona—"

Here the narrator paused, and regarded his guests with mild surprise. For Tom uttered a smothered exclamation, while Phil dropped his spoon and stared at the speaker with a paling face.

"We've heard of Flat Top Mountain. In fact we've just come from there," responded Tom, hardly knowing what he was saying. "But go on, please."

"Ten miles north of our destination we camped on the banks of the Rio Salinas, or Salt River, as it is commonly called. That night we were attacked by Indians. What became of my two companions, I don't know. Because a rifle ball grazed my skull, and I fell over the bank into the river, which swept me away like a straw—"

Phil, trembling with a strange excitement, sprang to his feet.

"Are you—is your name James Amsted?" he asked, in a strangely repressed voice.

Tom, who could hardly contain himself, held his breath.

"Why, yes. But how could you guess it?"

It is only on the stage that the long lost son throws himself rapturously on the neck of his long lost father with a cry of joy and a gush of tears. Phil swallowed very hard for a moment, and then, stepping forward deliberately, laid a hand on either shoulder of the astonished questioner.

"I'll tell you why," he said, rather tremulously; "because it is my father's story you have been telling, and I—am Phil Amsted!"

What followed must be left entirely to the imagination. Tom silently stole out of the cabin and left the two to their new found joy and following explanations.

Nor did he experience any great sensation of astonishment at this startling discovery. Why should he, after so many almost as startling ones, following in strangely quick succession?"

He stood for a long time, as the shadows darkened and deepened, listening to the steady rush and roar of the twin rivers which washed the sides of the island. Tom began faintly to realize what twelve years of such isolation and solitude might mean. And had Phil and himself been forced to share the same deplorable lot—

The thought was too unbearable. Tom re-entered, and seated himself quietly on one of the stools. Phil, with his hand on his father's shoulder, was eagerly listening to the hermit's strange tale:

"God's mercy suffered me to reach this island, clinging to a log which I grasped in mid stream. Two days later I found, cast upon the shore, two logs bound together by withes—evidently part of a raft. Embedded in the end of one was an axe—an augur remained in its hole in the other—the tools which probably were used in its manufacture. With these I constructed my cabin and its sumptuous furnishing. In a stone tomb, built by some bygone race, I found the pottery and metal plates which you have seen. I had a stout hunting knife in my belt, and two sail needles stuck in my

shirt. The flesh of cattle and their skins, which I have managed to dress after a fashion, have supplied my more pressing needs. But oh, the loneliness—the sorrow for those left behind, aggravated by the knowledge that there was—and is—no escape from this island. More than once I thought I should go mad—”

“Don’t speak of it, father,” said Phil, soothingly. “Let me tell you more about myself—and Tom here, who has been a brother to me.”

“God bless him,” fervently exclaimed James Amsted, and Tom felt his eyes grow moist.

Then Phil took up the thread of discourse, and gave a brief account of the events with which our readers are familiar. James Amsted’s astonishment was too great for words.

They talked far into the night, and began again almost at day dawn. Amsted’s theory regarding the cattle, which afterward proved to be nearly correct, was something like this:

That a stampeded herd had been driven over the bluffs further up, where the pitch was not so steep, a few of them had been swept down by the current to the lone island, where, undisturbed by man or wild beast, they had bred and multiplied year after year, till James Amsted’s coming.

He had only killed one of their number occasionally, to furnish the skins which he dried and used in various ways, as well as to vary his diet of fish from the river, and wild fowl snared in the underbrush. More than once he had been tempted to try to construct a boat or canoe with the skins, in which to intrust himself to the river. But from far below came the warning roar of a great fall, whose spray was sometimes visible in the clear sunlight. And the swiftness of the current could never be stemmed by paddling, should he attempt to cross to either side. Nor was there any

sign of shore—only the towering walls of stone reaching upward toward the sky.

All this, with much more which I have not space to give in detail, Amsted told from time to time after his first extravagant joy at meeting his son had somewhat subsided.

But there must always be a reaction, and before long it came. For his own part, Amsted had become to a certain degree reconciled to his fate, previous to the coming of the two. But soon the realization that three instead of one were destined to this terrible isolation came not only to Amsted but to the others as well.

Perhaps Tom took it harder than Phil and his father. He grew moody and despondent after a few days of what he called “solitary confinement.” The thought of staying on this island till he died, even with the companionship of Phil and his father to mitigate matters, was unbearable.

“I almost wish I had shot Montez down in his tracks, as any one else would have been justified in doing—then all this would not have happened,” he said gloomily. Yet Tom knew in his secret heart that were all to happen over again, he would probably have done precisely as before.

“But if you had taken his life, I should never have found my father,” was Phil’s simple rejoinder. And, indeed, it seemed as though in the gain of a parent, Phil had forgotten to repine over the loss of a fortune.

For that Montez and his rascally companions had made away with Dutch Geary, that they might be the sole claimants to the gold of Flat Top Mountain, was the natural supposition, not only of Tom and Phil, but James Amsted as well, after he had heard the story familiar to my readers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TRAGIC CHRISTMAS.

By VARNUM G. SMITH.

The Revenge of Manuel Gonzalez.

I was sitting in my den one Christmas Eve with my old school fellow, Harry Faber. He had returned from South America for a three months’ holiday, which vacation, by the way, he had well earned. He went out

a lank, pale-faced boy of seventeen, but he came back a splendid fellow of twenty-three—broad, brown strong of limb, and measuring seventy-four inches from the crown his head to the soles of his feet.

“Ah!” said he, stretching out his legs in front of the blaze and heaving a deep sigh of content, “I wasn’t sitting before a fire this time last Christmas Eve. Jove, but that was a wild night!”

“Come, out with it,” I exclaimed; “I know you’ve happened on some reminiscence. Go ahead, old man!”

And this is how Faber went ahead.

“I got leave from the owner of the estancia upon which I was working,” he said, “to spend Christmas with some friends at Buenos Ayres. My friends were a ranche owner named Murray and his wife, both hospitable and kindly souls.

“Well, I arrived at his house—which stood a little way out of Buenos Ayres—in the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

“It was a steamingly hot day, and so, after the meal, we withdrew to the balcony, and sat there smoking. Below, on the lawn, Mr. Murray’s only child Eva—a golden-haired little angel of ten years—was playing with the dogs, and we amused ourselves by watching her, and their antics.

“She was just making one of her canine pets stand on his hind legs when we suddenly heard the sharp crack of a revolver, followed by a scream from the child. We both jumped up, and were surprised to see the dog fall dead to the ground, while Eva, quite unharmed, stood gazing at it in a stupefied, dazed manner.

“We had hardly risen from our seats when a man rushed from a shrubbery which bordered the lawn, snatched up Eva, and made for the road as fast as his legs could carry him. I drew my revolver from my belt, but Mr. Murray stayed my hand.

“‘You will hit the child,’ he exclaimed; ‘we must follow him on horseback!’

“He was on the point of rushing from the room to see to the horses, when Jose, a faithful Spanish henchman of his, met him in the doorway.

“‘It’s Manuel!’ almost howled the old servant, with whom little Eva was a great favorite, ‘Manuel Gonzalez, whom you turned away last week for theft. First he shot at the child and killed the dog instead; then he made sure of his revenge by carrying her off with him. He must be well on the road to Buenos Ayres by this time—’

“‘Yes, yes!’ interrupted Mr. Murray, half frantic over his loss, ‘and we must follow him. Out of my way, Jose!’

“‘Stop, padrone,’ said Jose, barring the way, ‘the town’s in a terrible state. The Reds (Radicals) have broken out in open rebellion, and there’s fearful fighting going on between them and the Whites. You must stay and look after the senorita, while I go after that villain Gonzalez. Did you notice his red shirt? He’s

leading a party of the Reds, and is a powerful man for the present twenty-four hours!"

"Come, Jose," I said, "we have lost enough time as it is. You and I will start at once. Mr. Murray, I implore you to stop and take charge of the house. Jose and I must undertake this pursuit. Come along, Jose!"

"I am with you, *senor*," said the old servant; and, to make a long story short, within two minutes we had mounted our nags and were galloping at full speed toward the town.

"Gonzalez must have been very ill mounted, for just as we reached the houses we caught a glimpse of him turning the corner of a street straight ahead of us. Old Jose sprang from his horse and throwing the reins to me hastened off on foot, directing me to wait for him. In about five minutes' time he reappeared.

"I tracked him *senor*, he said, between his teeth, "I tracked the foul villain. He took the child into a big place full of Reds, just opposite the *fonda* (inn) kept by my friend Padro Juan. He thinks he'll be safe enough from our pursuit there. But I'll be even with him. Come, *senor*, let us seek the assistance of Padro."

"I dismounted, and leading my horse, followed the old henchman, feeling perfectly sure that he was acting for the best. After winding in and out of several narrow streets, Jose stopped at the back of the hostelry kept by his friend Padro. Without loss of time my companion told the inn-keeper our errand, and asked him to lend us a couple of red shirts. Luckily Padro had these articles of clothing by him, and so he was able to accommodate us.

"Now, *senor*," said Jose, "we are Reds. Our first object is to avoid coming in contact with any prowling Whites, and our second is to get into that house in which Gonzalez has taken refuge. Your pistols are loaded, I presume?"

"They are," I said. "Lead on, Jose, and I will follow."

Jose marched boldly out of the inn, and then, having evidently made up his mind as to the course of action to be adopted, hastened across the street and opened hurriedly on the door. It was immediately opened.

"We have had a close shave of it with the Whites!" exclaimed Jose, as I followed him inside. "Where is Gonzalez?"

"Eating and drinking like a pig," said the Red who opened the door in sullen tones, "and leaving us to watch. He's brought a brat of a child in, to make matters worse."

"Look here, Gringo," said Jose, who evidently knew the man, "these will keep you in wine and tobacco for a whole year. We have come after that child. She is the daughter of *Senor* Murray, who lately dismissed Gonzalez for theft. Come, will you help us?"

He pulled out several gold pieces from his pocket as he spoke and placed them in the grumbling Gringo's broad palm. Gringo hesitated for a moment and then pocketed the coins.

"All right, Jose. I didn't recognize you at first. I'll be out of the way. I owe that brute Gonzalez a grudge." He threatened to shoot me only an hour ago.

"Jose and I crept upstairs and peered into the first room we came to. Fortune evidently favored us. Gonzalez was there all alone, with the exception of little Eva, who was sitting beside him while he ate and drank, crying softly to herself. The sight of her enraged Jose beyond measure. He sprang forward, seized the child, tossed rather than handed her to me, and telling me to run, dealt Gonzalez a heavy blow on the temple with his pistol, and bolted downstairs after me.

Gonzalez must have had a head of iron, for he sprang up with a howl of baffled vengeance, and yelling out loudly to his men, followed us up closely. I opened the door—Gringo was 'watching' elsewhere,

true to his promise—and sped out into the street, with Jose at my heels.

"Round to the back of the inn!" he shouted.

"I dashed on, with Eva clinging desperately to my neck. We soon arrived at the back of the inn, leaped on to our horses, and rode off for dear life. For a moment we imagined that our pursuers had lost sight of us, but we were soon undeceived, for we had hardly gained the outskirts of the town before we heard their shouts behind us, and knew that our lives depended on the speed of our horses.

"We spurred on without exchanging a word. Eva, too frightened now to cry, clung to me with nervous force. We had two miles to cover, and devoutly did we pray that we should reach Mr. Murray's house before the Reds overtook us.

"We were within a mile of home when we heard shouts in our rear. I looked back, and by the light of the moon—for night had fallen some time since—described at least six horsemen about a hundred yards behind us. Crack! and a bullet whistled past my head. Crack! A sharp cry from Jose told that the bullet had taken effect, but the staunch old fellow still kept his seat. We urged our horses to fresh exertions, but our pursuers drew nearer and still nearer.

"At last we could distinctly see the lights of Mr. Murray's house. If only we could keep our lead!

"On and on we went, and on came the Reds. Several bullets whizzed harmlessly past us, but not very wide of the mark. Four hundred yards now, and we should be safe.

"Suddenly Jose spoke.

"Ride on, *senor*. Give my love to the padrone and senorita!"

"As he spoke he wheeled sharply round and charged straight at the advancing Reds, three of whom, I should mention, had outridden their fellows and were close upon us.

"For one brief moment I looked back. I saw Jose dash right into the middle of the Reds, with his dagger in his right hand. There was a crash—a volley of oaths and pistol-shots—a wild melee of horses and men—and I rounded a bend in the road, and in a few moments had delivered Eva to her weeping mother.

"Then I wheeled round and went to Jose's assistance, but when I came up to the scene of the encounter I found only the poor old man, he lying on the ground in a pool of blood. The clatter of hoofs a short distance off told me that the Reds were flying back to the town.

"I put spurs to my horse and followed them. Something seemed to give my steed strength, for he flew along like the wind. I drew closer to the Reds at every stride, and to my joy saw that Gonzalez was the last of all. He was riding behind the rest, and, to judge by his swaying, was evidently wounded.

"Of a sudden, his companions employed the same tactics adopted by old Jose. They wheeled round and rode at me. I pulled up my horse, took steady aim at Gonzalez, and fired. He gave a shriek and tumbled from his saddle. Then I, too, wheeled round and galloped away, noticing as I did so that his companions had stopped to pick up Gonzalez."

Faber stopped speaking, and puffed silently at his pipe.

"And Jose?" I asked.

Faber laid down his pipe and looked into the fire.

"When I got back to Jose I found him dead."

Another long silence, and then Faber spoke again.

"You know the story about the servant who threw himself out of the sledge to prevent the wolves from overtaking his master? Well, Jose gave his life for his master's child."

Another silence, but this time it was broken by the sound of merrily-clanging bells, welcoming Christmas.

"That was a noble death—a grand death," said Faber, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and prepared to depart. "I should like to die like that. . . . A Merry Christmas, old fellow. Good night!"



A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

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("A YOUNG BREADWINNER" was commenced in No. 22. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER XXI.

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

AYOUNG man of about twenty-eight entered, tall, fine-looking and dressed as if for an afternoon promenade on the avenue. Guy was presented as a particular friend and old schoolmate of Arlington's. Mr. Kenworthy took him into his private office, and after a brief talk engaged him on the terms mentioned by Bert.

"Arlington will instruct you in your duties," said the senior partner in dismissing him, "and I think, judging from your looks and manner, that you will prove an apt pupil."

So it turned out. The business called for just those qualities which Guy possessed in an eminent degree, and he very soon "got into the swing of it," as Bert expressed it. It was exceedingly pleasant work too, for escorting parties through houses to show off the premises broke the monotony of the day, and was the means of making Guy acquainted, even though it might be but for a brief hour, with some very agreeable people. Altogether it seemed as if our hero's evil star had sunk below the horizon, and for a week or two there was nothing to molest him but news from the West.

This came from two sources, his mother and Ward Farleigh. The former had now her boy with her, as her proofs had been sufficient to convince Judge Dodge that she had the best claim upon him. Mrs. Hammersley was enraptured of course to regain possession of her son, but wrote that she felt grieved that she was compelled to take him away from such a luxurious home as he had had with the judge to offer him only the meager substitute of life upon the road.

"And Heaven alone knows how long I may be able to depend upon this," she wrote. "Things are going from bad to worse with the Starr Concert Company. The audiences seem large enough, but one time it is a papered house, another a thieving treasurer, and the latest a flooding with counterfeit money. Any way, whatever the reason, my eighth, as well as Miss Farleigh's, amounts to but three dollars or sometimes not that, for each performance. We have protested, and Ward has even threatened to leave, but it does no good. Law is expensive and we have no other redress. The future indeed looks dark to me."

Guy was greatly distressed by this letter, and never wished for wealth so earnestly as he did at the moment of reading it. What inexpressible joy it would have been to him to be able to write: "Bring Harold and come on to New York. I will care for you both."

As it was, he could not even have the satisfaction of inclosing a few dollars with his reply. And yet he was, so to speak, living in luxury himself.

Ward's letters were made up principally of maledictions on Colonel Starr, who was "cheating them all out of their eye teeth," he wrote. "I'm trying to get Ruth and your mother to join me in a strike," he

added. "We now compose the entire company, you know, and should we fail to appear there could of course be no concert. But Ruth and Mrs. Hammersley insist that as the colonel has always paid them something they cannot plead that he has broken his contract, and that, unless we can prove that he has misappropriated the funds, we can have no case against him. He is now trying to make an infant phenomenon out of that new young brother of yours. Found out he knew whole pages of 'Fauntleroy' by heart. The boy takes very kindly to the notion. I don't know whether his mother knows about it or not."

Three days later Guy was keeping office during a busy afternoon, when Bert and the two partners were all out showing houses. He had just finished dictating a letter to the typewriter when the street door opened and in filed a procession that utterly astounded him.

First came Mrs. Hammersley, and with her Harold, then Ruth Farleigh and Ward.

"We called to see if you could show us some flats," laughed the latter.

Mrs. Hammersley explained matters in a few words. The Starr Concert Company had collapsed, the gallant colonel had fled to parts unknown, and the members of the company found themselves left with but very little over what would pay their expenses back to New York.

"We thought this was the best place to come to," added Ruth. "Ward and I will be near a steamer when we have saved up money enough to pay our passage, and then your mother wanted to be near you." "And we're really in earnest about the flat," continued Ward. "You see we've decided that it would be cheaper for us all to live together in this way than to board. Now do you know of any furnished flat we can get for about \$25 a month?"

Poor Guy was overwhelmed. His stepmother looked wan and careworn, and when he thought of the luxuries that had once been hers, and contrasted that period with the present, when she arrived in New York almost penniless, and with a little boy dependent on her, he grew sick at heart to think of his own helplessness. But on one thing he resolved upon the instant; he would leave his luxurious quarters at the Jura and cast in his lot with the others. His salary of ten dollars a week would be a material help.

Meanwhile he was replying to Ward's question, explaining that they kept no low priced flats on their list, but adding that Mr. Clarke's father, he believed, owned an apartment house on the West side that he thought might furnish them with what they wanted. Then as it was closing time he put on his hat and coat and accompanied them to the hotel where they had decided to pass the night.

And here, when they were alone together, Mrs. Hammersley's feeling overcame her.

"What is to become of us?" she whispered, as with Guy's hand clasped in both of hers, she leaned her head against his shoulder as he sat beside her. "I am afraid to tell you how little, how very little money I have left."

"But you have me, mother," said Guy, softly. "I have a splendid position, and am earning a large salary for one of my age, and I am going to live with you and add it to the common stock. I am sure we can get along nicely."

"And you have me, too," said Harold, leaving the window where the other had fancied he was absorbed by the sights in the street. He placed himself by his mother's other side, and added: "I'm not as big as Guy, but I know I can do something, and get paid for it, too."

And thus, comforted in spite of herself by the sturdy allegiance of both her boys, the poor lady could not but take courage and look out at the future a little less fearfully.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DARK LOOKOUT.

After dinner that night, what Ward called a "committed of the whole" met in his room to consider ways and means.

"Particularly means," he added, jingling a few loose coins in his pockets suggestively. It was a characteristic of this frank, good-natured English lad to be always in buoyant spirits, no matter how dismal the outlook. So now he endeavored to gild the sore straits in which they found themselves with the brightness of a little fun.

"Well, then," began Guy, "in the first place you can count on my ten a week. I've seen Bert and arranged with him to leave as soon as we can find a flat. And now what is the utmost we can afford to pay for an apartment?"

"That will depend on the size of it," rejoined Ruth. "How small a one can we get along with, do you think, Mrs. Hammersley?"

"Not less than four rooms, surely," was the reply. "You see there are five of us. One room must be kitchen, the other we can use for both parlor and dining-room. Guy and your brother can occupy one bedroom, where we can have a cot for Harold, and you and I can take the other. How do you like the arrangement?"

"First class," exclaimed Ward. "Reminds me of that trick in cards where the landlady has seven rooms and eight travelers to provide for. But we can get along in the way Mrs. Hammersley has mapped out admirably unless company insists on staying till it is time to set the table for dinner, when of course they'll see it, and we'll have to ask 'em to stay when perhaps we can't afford it. But now we've got our specification as to space, let Guy here, the young real estate king, tell us how much we ought to pay for it."

"Well, for a furnished flat of that size, in anything that isn't a tenement house, we'll have to give not less than twenty-five dollars a month, and more likely it will be thirty or thirty-five. Any way, you can reckon on my forty dollars covering that."

"But we're not going to let you pay all the rent," cried Ruth and Ward in a breath. "It wouldn't be fair."

"Certainly it would," replied Guy. "I don't see why not, if the rest of you have to pay for the provisions, coal, washing and gas. You'll find that these will mount up to more than forty a month rather than less."

Even Ward looked a little blank on hearing this. Where was the other forty to come from, he could not help wondering?

"Now we must take an account of assets, do they call it?" proposed Ruth, and, suiting the action to the word, she drew her purse from her pocket and proceeded to reckon up how much she had in it.

Fourteen dollars and thirty-nine cents was the result. Ward's pockets turned out twenty, and Mrs. Hammersley found that she could contribute thirty-one dollars to the general fund, while Harold insisted on adding the gold eagle that Judge Dodge had given him as a parting gift when he left Brilling.

"That makes \$75.39 cash in hand," announced Guy, who had been busy with pencil and paper. "Guess we won't need your eagle, after all, Harry. You'd better save it up for a still rainier day."

"Do you suppose we can get into a place sometime to-morrow?" Ruth wanted to know. "Our bill at the hotel will eat a hole in our resources, you must remember."

"I'll do my best," answered Guy. "And one thing we must take into account: the month's rent will have to be paid in advance. I forgot about that when I undertook to attend to that part of it. I'm running only about a dollar or two ahead of expenses, you know. But I'll save up for the second month, and be all right after that. Now, mother, have you any idea how much we'll need for living expenses?"

"Well, I don't see how five people can get along on less than fifty dollars a month, ten dollars apiece."

"There, I knew you'd want my eagle," put in Harold, who was looking over Guy's shoulder while the latter figured. "If you allowed thirty dollars for the rent, you'd have only thirty-five left for the rest."

"But there's Guy's forty, my dear," interposed Mrs. Hammersley.

"Yes, but he's got to save that up for the second month's rent," rejoined the boy, and with a little air of triumph he plumped the gold coin on the table again.

"That will give us only forty-five," remarked Guy, adding immediately, however: "But then all of my forty will not be needed for rent, so you see we will come out all right, after all."

It was then arranged that Ward should call around at Kenworthy & Clarke's the next morning to ascertain the result of Guy's interview on flats with Mr. Clarke. The party then separated for the night, Guy returning to the Jura feeling as though he were a married man weighed down by the cares of a large family.

On applying to the junior partner the next day, he was given by Mr. Clarke a note to a friend of his who made a specialty of small apartments, and when Ward arrived the two went off to obtain a batch of pernits. But they found that the choice among furnished flats was exceedingly small; indeed, when the question of price was taken into account, there wasn't any choice left, a thirty dollar suite of four rooms on the top floor, in Harlem, being the only item that filled their bill.

"Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to get the others and go up and see it," said Ward, which was accordingly done.

The ladies groaned in spirit on the threshold when they beheld the narrowness and steepness of the stairs, but the rooms were sunny, and, although the furniture was plain, everything was neat and clean. They had been occupied by a Southern gentleman and his wife. He had been ordered South for his health, and they were anxious to start as soon as possible, and readily acquiesced in Mrs. Hammersley's wish to move in at once.

So the thirty dollars was paid over, a cot purchased for Harold—the rooms were large, so that there was plenty of space for it in Guy's and Ward's apartment, and it could be folded up and placed under the bed in daytime—and by six o'clock that night "the assorted family," as Ward dubbed them, were established in their new quarters.

They were very merry that first night. Ruth could cook as well as she could play the violin, and Harold greatly enjoyed shopping for dinner and breakfast with his mother. Mrs. Maddern, the former tenant, had left her piano, and when the dishes were washed and put away, Ruth got out her violin, and with Ward for accompanist and Mrs. Hammersley as prima donna, they gave a little impromptu concert for their house warming.

It was certainly very cozy when you once got inside. There were rugs on the floors, which had been stained a dark red, and some good engravings on the walls, while a general supply of books scattered about gave an air of refinement and culture to the rooms.

Mrs. Maddern had been forced to leave behind her a great yellow cat, which boasted the grandiloquent name of Emperor, and with him Harold soon made friends, and when he discovered that the cat would jump over his hands, the boy's content seemed complete.

But with the others it was different. They might laugh and joke, and declare that they were in great luck to secure such pleasant quarters, but beneath it all there was an undercurrent of doubt that was like the worm in the bud. Ward was the first to put the dark side of the picture into words.

It was long after they had retired, when, noticing a restless motion of Guy's, he ventured to whisper: "I say, Hammersley, aren't you asleep either?"

"No; I've been wondering whether you were," was the reply.

"The boy's off, isn't he?"

"Long ago. I've been thinking."

"About next month?"

"Yes."

"So have I. 'Tisn't a particularly cheerful outlook, specially for me. What if I don't succeed in finding anything to do?"

"Oh, but you will. What are you up in particularly in the business line?"

"Nothing; that's the trouble. I left school to come out here with Ruth, you know. Besides, even supposing I get a place, I surely can't expect the good fortune you've had, and will be lucky to be paid five dollars a week. Multiply that by four, and you have twenty dollars a month for living expenses. Amount wanted: fifty."

"But you must remember that there'd be ten left from my income."

"Yes; but that will still leave a gap of twenty to be filled. Besides, I haven't got my situation at five a week yet, and maybe I won't ever have it. Ruth has great hopes of getting something to do, but it is so late in the season now I'm afraid there's not much show for her in the concert line, and I've put my foot down on her going into a store. Then, you must remember, our clothes won't last forever, and we haven't counted the cost of these in our estimates at all."

Guy was obliged to admit that they had not, and then there was silence in the apartment, broken only by the regular breathing of Harold, who was sleeping peacefully, while his older roommates were both lying there wide-eyed over the problem of existence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WARD ATTEMPTS JOKE MAKING.

During a good part of the next day Guy's thoughts were more distracted than they should have been perhaps from his work. He was kept constantly wondering what success the other members of the little household in Harlem would meet with in their quest for employment. For his mother had decided to call on Dr. Pendleton, taking Ruth with her, while Ward was to answer certain advertisements he had cut out of the morning paper. It may be believed, therefore, that when the young real estate clerk took the elevated train home at five o'clock, he was possessed of a feverish impatience to hear the result of their efforts.

Two steps at a time he ascended the long flights of stairway, eager to burst into the cosy apartment with a cry of "Well, what cheer?" But on the top landing stood Harold, one finger laid across his lips, while with the other hand he motioned for his half-brother to tread lightly.

"Why, what's the matter?" whispered Guy, his heart fairly springing into his throat.

"It's mamma," replied the boy. "She was taken sick this morning soon after you went away. I couldn't go to school because I had to run out and hunt up a doctor, and then go off to the drug store two or three times. Miss Farleigh has had to be with her all day."

Guy hurried in and met Ruth in the parlor. She looked wan and anxious.

"The doctor says it is a general break down of the system," she answered in response to Guy's eager questionings. "She must have careful nursing, and the most nourishing diet. Yes, you can see her."

When Guy came back to the parlor, which had now become the dining-room, for Harold had begun to set the table, he found Ward there. One glance at his face was sufficient to show that his day's quest had been a

fruitless one. While they were eating dinner he told in lowered tones his experiences.

"In the first place," he began, "almost every place I went to had already engaged a boy, and others that hadn't when they found out that I was a stranger in New York, said I wouldn't do at once. By that time I had got down to the bottom of my list, where I had put the doubtful ads, those that promised big profits for little work, and which, as I suspected, turned out in every case to be baits for book agents. As I haven't had myself paddled against assaults from American boots, I said I'd think about it, and got out as quick as I could."

Ward tried to make light of his failure for the sake of the others, asserting that he meant to work on different lines on the morrow.

"You ought to get a Sunday paper if you want a long list of advertisements to select from," suggested Harold. "I found one the Madderns left here. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, trot it out. The more the merrier."

So Harold brought the paper, but none noticed at the time that one particular sheet he separated from the rest, folded it up and stuffed it into his pocket. Ward took the paper and immediately became absorbed in its perusal. But Guy remarked that he was not reading the "Help Wanted—Male" pages, and was therefore considerably surprised when the British youth suddenly brought one hand down on the table with an emphatic slap and exclaimed: "I've got it. That's the easiest way to make money I've heard of yet!"

"Hush, my dear brub, not so loud," cautioned Ruth, with a glance toward the sick chamber. Then she added: "What is that easy way of making a fortune you have discovered?"

"Writing jokes for the comic papers," answered Ward. "Here's an article telling all about it. And only think! For just a little bit of a dialogue of two lines sometimes, a man gets a dollar. It can't take more than five minutes at the most to scribble off one of these. Now in a working day of eight hours there are—I say, Harold, you're just fresh from school, how many five minutes are there in that length of time?"

"Ninety-six," answered Harold, after an instant of mental calculation.

"Good," went on the enthusiastic Ward, his face flushing with the inspiration of hope. "A dollar apiece for the product of each of these would be—"

He hesitated for an instant, and then Guy added, with a little laugh: "Ninety-six dollars a day. At that rate I wonder why some Wall Street brokers don't change their business. They would certainly get rich faster than a great many of them do now."

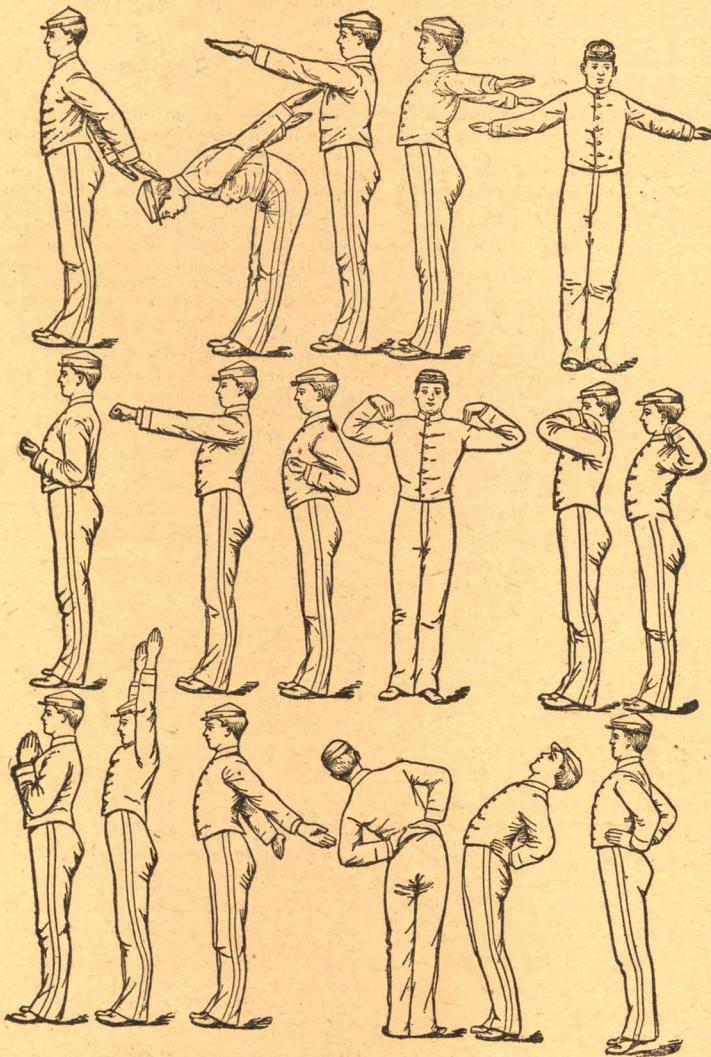
"Oh, of course I don't suppose one could think of a new joke every five minutes in the day," rejoined Ward, looking a trifle silly as he realized to what lengths his enthusiasm had carried him. "I just wanted to show you what possibilities there were in the scheme. I think I'll begin to-night, so I'll have something to fall back on in case I don't succeed in getting a regular place to-morrow. Of course tramping about all day trying to get a situation isn't just the best sort of preparation to set the mind in trim to reel off funny things, but then I don't want to get in the habit of waiting for moods to write. I wonder if I can find any paper to write on in this establishment?"

Harold brought him some, and while Guy picked up the advertising sheet of the journal he had cast aside, Ward took out his lead pencil, and, propping his head on his arms, which rested on the table, wrinkled his brow and looked terribly serious in the effort to be funny. One, two, three minutes passed, and still he remained in the same position, with not one word as the result of his deeply severe thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Setting Up Exercise at West Point.



The cadets at the United States Military Academy are famous for their erect soldierly bearing. In their few excursions outside of West Point their fine military carriage has attracted universal commendation. Visitors to the "Point" do not wonder at this fact. The course of drill from the hour when a lad enters as a plebe until he graduates, is such that only one result can be obtained. He must carry himself in a soldierly manner, and he generally does all the rest of his life. The exercises illustrated above are those used almost daily by the corps of cadets.

Christmas Tricks for Would-be Conjurers.

Nothing is so entertaining to fill up a spare half-hour at a Christmas party as a few really good and well-performed conjuring tricks; and I trust that those I am about to describe will enable many of Army and Navy readers to amuse their friends during the festive season. I have selected from my repertoire for explanation a number of the most effective but least difficult illusions. For these, the apparatus required is of the most simple nature, and easily made if not obtainable in the house. To make my descriptions as explicit as possible, a few repetitions must be allowed, as the modus operandi of a conjuring trick requires to be well explained to be understood by the pupil. I will commence by describing a very capital trick which I shall call

The Vanishing Ball.

For this you obtain a large cork, and with a sharp penknife (wet the blade, it will cut better) or a rasp, cut the edges off, and round it to form a ball about an inch in diameter. Then with a human hair, form a loop about 1 1-2 inches long, and fix the ends to the ball with a little wax, or better still, by forcing the ends into the cork with a bit of pointed lucifer match.

To perform the trick you secretly pass the forefinger of your right hand through the hair loop, letting the ball lay on the palm when you show it. Turn up your cuffs to prove you do not require the aid of your sleeves for the experiment, and state that you propose to make the ball vanish without the assistance of any apparatus. Now place your left hand over the right, and at the same time separating the forefinger from the second of your right, quickly push the ball with the thumb of right-hand between the opened fingers (the ball naturally falls at back of hand, which you keep in a position that the company cannot see the ball hanging behind). You now immediately remove the left hand closed, as if it contained the ball, then open the hand and show it empty. By practicing a few times before a looking-glass you can make the disappearance very effective.

I want you to understand that the appearance of the trick to the company is, that you show a ball in your right hand, and take it with a grasp in the left, which you then open, and show the ball has gone. With a little dexterity you may, with a quick jerk, throw the ball over your hand from the back into the palm and show it has returned; for this you must make a movement as if catching it in the air. Now break off the hair, and give the ball for examination.

The Flying Thimble.

All you require for this trick is an ordinary thimble which easily fits your forefinger. You show the thimble on the forefinger of your right hand, lay the finger with thimble on the palm of your left, which you then close, and now withdraw the finger minus the thimble. The company naturally imagine that it is in the left hand, but on opening it they are astounded to see it empty.

The secret of the illusion is as follows: In reality you do not place the thimble in the left hand at all, but in the act of laying the forefinger of the right hand on the left, you quickly bend the finger and leave the thimble secreted between the ball of your thumb and the root of the forefinger—only placing the bare finger in the left. This you instantly close; and then withdraw the forefinger for the audience to suppose that the thimble remains in the left. You can eventually produce the thimble from your pocket, or show it

again on the tip of the forefinger, by a reverse movement.

The Magnetized Hat.

You borrow an old tall hat, and place it on the table crown upwards. Now, after making a few mysterious passes over it, you lay your hand on the crown and gradually raise the hat in the air and make it float about in various positions. This trick is done by providing yourself with an ordinary black pin, bent in the shape of the letter C, which you secrete in your right hand. On receiving the hat from the lender, take it in your left, and while walking to the table place the right hand inside, and quickly push the point of the pin up through the crown and stand the hat on the table. You make a few passes over the hat as if you were mesmerizing it. Lay your left hand flat on the hat (you will easily feel the bent pin), slip your second finger in the hook and slowly lift the hat from the table. By inclining your hand right or left you move the hat about as if floating in the air, and as if magnetized. After this bring the hat to the table, remove the hand, and in returning the hat you can easily withdraw the pin, leaving no trace of how you performed the feat.

The Enchanted Bottle.

You place an empty wine or other heavy bottle on the table, and invite any one to blow it over. No one will believe this possible. But you show that it can be done by producing a small paper bag (an oblong tissue paper one is the best), laying it on the edge of the table with its opening toward you, and stand the bottle on the closed end. You now press up the opening and apply your mouth to it and blow, when the air will expand the bag and the bottle will topple over.

The Chameleon Handkerchief.

For this illusion you require two silk handkerchiefs of different colors, say red and blue, each about twelve inches square, also a piece of brass or tin tube, one inch in diameter and two inches long. To this you attach, by means of a small hole, a piece of strong round or flat silk-covered elastic, about twenty-four inches long, the other end of which you tie to your braces by the left shoulder; pass the tube under the back of the vest and out of the right arm-hole, so that it hangs at the right side under your coat; press the blue handkerchief into the tube, and you are ready. The trick is presented as follows: You show a red silk handkerchief, and give it to be examined; and while it is being looked at, in the act of turning up your cuffs you catch hold (secretly) of the tube and hide it in the right hand. Now taking the red handkerchief from the person who has been looking at it, with your left hand quickly pass it to the right, and, in doing so, see that it entirely hides the tube from the view of the audience. Now state that by merely rubbing it between your hands you will change its color. Bring your left hand over the right, and with your thumbs gradually press the red handkerchief into one end of the tube. This will naturally force out the blue, and when the red is thoroughly hidden, you spread the blue over your right hand (to hide the tube), and then, taking it by the corners, give it a shake and let the tube go, when it is at once drawn away under cover of the handkerchief, and hangs under the right arm. You give the blue handkerchief to be examined, calling the company's attention to its change of color.

A Christmas Letter from the Author of "Clif Faraday."

Brooklyn, N. Y., Christmas Day, 1897.

My Dear Boys:

I have been requested to write a personal letter to the readers of the Army and Navy, and I do so with the greatest pleasure. As Christmas is the occasion, I do not believe I can do better than to give you a brief idea of Kris Kringle time at the Annapolis Naval Academy. The Cadets do not believe in Santa Claus, except that he is a jolly old humbug, whose day is an excuse for much good fun. And fun they have down there in the old Academy on the banks of the Severn. It is a holiday, of course, and one of the very few the hard working boys have. All studies and drills are suspended, and the day is given up to games and a rousing fine dinner. Permission to leave the grounds is given to all whose past conduct warrants the privilege, and a number of the first class are permitted to visit Baltimore. Those electing to remain take solace in football or other kindred sports. Sometimes an entertainment is given in the armory; ending in a "hop," to which their sisters and other fellows' sisters are invited. Late at night, or rather early the following morning, when all good cadets are supposed to be in bed, certain strangely burdened figures might be seen (although they are not!) flitting from room to room in the new quarters. Windows are covered with blankets to shut in the forbidden light, tables are covered with pies and cake and chicken, and—alas! beer, and feast and good fellowship go merrily on. It is at these surreptitious frolics that the most enjoyable fun of the day takes place. Plebes are not allowed by their lords and masters, the upper class cadets, to serve midnight dinners, and if there be any with temerity enough to give a "spread," the others swoop down upon him, devour every crumb and administer a lesson long remembered. In my last year at the Academy the members of my class not only gave a feast but added a genuine Christmas tree. A cadet, not now in the service, took the part of Santa Claus. He was gotten up regardless, and was in the midst of a humorous oration when the door, left unguarded for a moment, opened, revealing to our horrified gaze the imposing figure of the Officer of the Day. He did not seem surprised, but gazed about, smiling grimly under his mustache. His eyes at last fell upon Santa Claus, who was shivering as if the cold blast of dismissal was already blighting him. The lieutenant spoke and the tone of his voice gave us heart at once. "Mr. Kris Kringle, you are getting sporty in your old age. Don't you think you had better call away your reindeers and resume your cruise?" was all he said, then he turned and marched from the room. We gave him a cheer, subdued but hearty, and to this day he is a favorite in the service. But it was the last Christmas spread on that floor.

And now I want to wish you all a right merry Christmas, and may you enjoy the grand holiday as well as we did in the dear old Academy.

Sincerely yours,

Ensign Clarke with U.S.N.

A Christmas Letter From the Author of "Mark Mallory."

West Point, N. Y., Christmas Day, 1897.

To my Readers in the Army and Navy:

I should think that any one who has perseveringly followed the Seven Devils through their adventures this week has read about as much from my pen as I have any right to expect; but the editor of our paper thinks otherwise and has afforded me the pleasure of extending a Christmas greeting besides.

It seemed to me that instead of getting off a few time-honored jokes on the subject of turkeys and cranberry sauce, I would interest you more by saying a few words about how the West Point cadets celebrate their holidays.

Christmas tide is a welcome season at the Academy, the boys there being no fonder of study than I imagine you are. Usually they have to study a great deal.

On Christmas night there is an entertainment given by the cadets in a place where Christmas is most appropriately celebrated—the "Mess Hall." In this case it is a theatrical performance with a cadet ballet that proves a great attraction. It is at West Point as in England in Shakespeare's time. The "actresses" are all men. Usually the officers, the "tacs" aren't allowed to come, for guying them is the chief source of fun.

Cadets are allowed to receive Christmas boxes from home. Those who don't get any usually pay a "visit" to a plebe who was more fortunate; it often happens that the plebe has to content himself with wish bones and wishes.

Hoping that this last paragraph will add to your appreciation of your own more substantial and less imperilled dinners, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Lient. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

The Editor's Christmas Greeting.

NEW YORK CITY, Xmas, '97.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

 HIS is the season and the day when the heart of every boy (old boys and young boys) throbs with expectation and, perchance, a more tender feeling than usual. We of the United States of America have many holidays which we love, but there are none like Christmas—none in which we take so much genuine interest.

It is probable my young friends have long since made the very painful discovery that Father Santa is only a myth. Wasn't it a disappointment to you? Didn't it seem that something terrible had taken place?—that the whole fabric of your belief in life, and its mysteries, had been shattered? That is the way I felt, and it was many a day before I recovered my confidence in anything. In time a different conception of Christmas rose from the ashes of my former idea. The odd and whimsical admixture of bewhiskered Kris Kringle and sleighs, and reindeer, and great bags filled with toys, and chimneys and capacious stockings, gave way to the true meaning of the day.

It was not that I lost interest in gifts, either the giving or receiving, nor that the glories of the Christmas tree and the hanging of the stocking left me; but I realized why Christmas is observed and whose birth it celebrates. With the knowledge came a more tender regard for the twenty-fifth of December, a knowledge which is very sweet and which will come to you some day, if it has not already.

It was my lot, some years ago, to pass Christmas Day on the summit of the Andes Mountains, on the border of the Argentine Republic. I had left Mendoza with a party of five en route to Valparaiso, Chili. The Trans-Andean Railway was only a suggestion, and it was necessary to travel by mule over a lofty and dangerous pass. The third evening out found us at the edge of the pass, and in sight of our temporary stopping place, a rude hut containing one room. As we dismounted and unpacked our blankets a burly Englishman suddenly called attention to the fact that it was Christmas Eve.

And so it was. In the excitement of departure from Mendoza and the novelty of travel, we had forgotten the nearness of Christmas. The rest of the party consisted of an elderly Frenchman, a dapper little man with a carefully-waxed imperial and a great regard for his attire; a studious pipe-smoking German with spectacles, and a lad of fifteen from some small town in Illinois. The latter had been on a visit to a brother in Buenos Ayres and was returning to his father, an American merchant of Valparaiso. There was also a native guide who cared for the mules. We had been together long enough to wear off that restraint natural between strangers, and when the Englishman proposed that we celebrate the evening as fittingly as possible, all heartily agreed.

Our canned provisions made a sorry feast, but good comradeship and an evening of story-telling caused the time to pass pleasantly, and it was late before each member of the party wrapped himself in his blankets and prepared for slumber. A huge fire had been started outside the doorless shelter, and the ruddy flames sent a soft glow through the room. Presently, finding that memories called up by the night would not permit me to sleep, I was on the point of rising, when I saw Teddy, the boy, slip from his blankets. He crept to the wall and hung something to a nail, then stole back to his bed. I watched curiously, until, finally, a shaft of light from the fire outside fell upon the dangling object.

It was a stocking!

A stocking! The recollection of his home life had proved too strong for the little lad. I confess to a very curious feeling, and a lump in the throat that would not down, as I watched that emblem of Christmas tide swaying in the breeze of an upper Andean pass. Suddenly I heard a rustling, and saw the stolid German sit up on his pallet. He fumbled under his clothing which served as a pillow for a moment, then crept to the stocking. He had scarcely regained his blankets when the Englishman paid a similar visit. And then the Frenchman. The guide from his corner was gaping in amazement, but presently he, too, grasped the situation, and made a like pilgrimage. It was my turn, and as I passed Teddy on my way back from the stocking, I glanced at his face. He was asleep, but there were two great tears glistening in the light from the fire.

The Christmas sun found us all apparently asleep, but there was not a man in the room who did not have one eye on Teddy's pallet. He awoke at last and glanced about in surprise. Then his gaze fell upon the stocking which was bulging with its strange cargo. It did not take him long to reach it. Thrusting one hand in he drew forth a silver watch. The rest of us glanced at the Frenchman, but his head was under the blanket. Then came a much worn and highly-colored pipe, which we recognized as the precious property of the German. A large, many-bladed pocketknife was the next object produced, and it was the Englishman's turn to bob under cover. Then Pedro the guide's mite came to light. It was a silver-mounted whip handle, and if ever a man looked sheepish, Pedro did. Finally, my contribution—a finger ring I had worn for years—came from the stocking, and then that boy faced us suddenly and caught us all looking.

There were tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice as he thanked us singly and collectively, and we, after the manner of men, made a boisterous joke of it, but all the same it was not the worst Christmas I had ever spent.

And now to you, one and all, do I give my sincere
wishes for a right merry Xmas Day. Faithfully yours,

Arthur Sevall

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Wrestling Match in Bulgaria.

While passing through a village inhabited principally by Christian Bulgarians (says a traveler) we witnessed a good wrestling match between a gigantic Bulgarian and a slim, active gipsy. The latter was a splendid specimen of manhood; he was about twenty-five years of age and nearly six feet high, with a handsome, aristocratic and cheery countenance; and as he took off his jacket and handed it to his fair one—who accompanied him, and pushed him into the ring—and thus stood stripped to the waist, there was a buzz of admiration from the whole crowd. He was slightly made, but all was sieve.

Laughingly, and half modestly, he shook his powerful antagonist by the hand, and then the walk round commenced, the young gipsy talking and laughing all the time. It seemed as though neither liked to be the first to begin, when suddenly the Bulgarian turned sharp upon his antagonist and tried a favorite catch, but quick as lightning the lithe figure of the gipsy eluded his grasp, and a sigh of relief went up from his clan.

The excitement was now intense, and the young girl fairly quivered with anxiety as she watched every movement of her swain. She would have made a splendid picture! They were still walking round, and it seemed as though the struggle would never begin, when, lo! a simultaneous cry went forth from the crowd, as the great Bulgarian lay sprawling and half stunned upon the ground. So quickly was it done that the gipsy had assisted his prostrate foe to rise before anyone had fully realized that he was overthrown.

A Dog That was Made a Sergeant.

In one of the last wars of the French against the natives of Algeria, a battalion of Zouaves, engaged against the Kabyles in the Atlas Mountains, was beset by the natives by means of very peculiar tactics.

The mountains were dotted by thick, upright bushes, and among these the Zouave sentinels were placed. One after another the men placed on guard were found headless upon the ground. They had been separately attacked and beheaded by a cruel and hidden enemy.

One night two sentinels had been found decapitated in succession. The corporal of the guard, Louzeau by name, feared that the sentinels might have been sleeping.

He placed another on guard and said to him, "Crouch down behind that bush, and keep close watch. And, mind you, don't go to sleep, for your life depends on your vigilance. We shall be back to relieve you in about an hour."

In an hour the squad returned. They found the third sentinel dead upon the ground. The Zouaves were struck with horror.

"I will stand guard the rest of the night myself," said Louzeau.

He took up his position behind the bush, and sent away the squad, with orders to return in an hour. When they came back the light of dawn was faintly shining. They saw Louzeau sitting on the ground and calmly smoking his pipe by the side of the body of a gigantic Kabyle.

Near by at his right was what appeared to be a Zouave on guard, but it turned out to be the hood and jacket of Louzeau skilfully placed on the stalk of a cactus.

It was a trap which had deceived the Kabyles and

revealed their trick. They had hidden themselves in bushes, or rather disguised themselves as bushes, surrounding their bodies with branches in such a way that they could not be distinguished from the other bushes around them. When the sentinels were left alone they stole upon them and beheaded them with a strike of the sword.

In this battalion of Zouaves there was a soldier, named Fountrain, who had a very intelligent hunting dog named Dellys from the village where he was born.

Fountrain, after the discovery of the "living bushes," set about training his dog to detect them, and succeeded so well that, running from one bush so another along the guard line, Dellys instantly scented every hidden African, and "pointed" to the bush, and thus led to the capture or shooting of the ambushed men.

His services were so brave and useful that Dellys was actually promoted to the grade of corporal. The soldiers placed on his paws the galons or strips of lace that marked his rank. He wore them proudly, and seemed to take on a special air of gravity and dignity with them.

One night he surprised a Maltese trying to escape from the camp, and clung to him until the man was seized by the guard. Upon the Maltese were found letters in Arabic that proved him to be a spy. For this exploit Dellys was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and the galons on his paws were replaced by chevrons.

The Kabyle enemy resorted to every possible means to destroy Dellys, and finally, by means of a pretended peace-parley, they succeeded in luring him a distance away from the camp, when they beheaded him and left his body near the French camp.

A sort of tumulus, or pile of stones, was erected over his grave, to which those who know the story of Dellys' services have added stones from time to time, until it has become quite an imposing monument.

Napoleon's Gee-gee.

Old toys so very seldom survive the rough work their youthful possessors give them that if any do weather the storm, they become extremely valuable. A collection of old playthings, many of which belonged to royal children, was sold some time ago in France, when some of them brought high prices.

For instance, a little doll, rather less than a foot long, but clad in a panoply of steel and armed cap-plate, perfectly modelled, and made at the period when Louis XIII. sat on the throne of France, sold for six hundred and fifteen francs.

Even this price was exceeded by that paid for a tiny set of carriages carved in wood, and accompanied by an escort of little wooden soldiers, made when Napoleon I. was First Consul, which brought one thousand and francs. A miniature kitchen was interesting as being an exact model of those in use at the time of Louis XVI.

A little jointed doll, sixteen inches in length, and dressed in a brocade silk wattle costume, brought one hundred francs, while the kitchen was only valued at three hundred and forty francs. A doll, still dressed in the original faded brocade silk, which had belonged to Marie Antoinette as a child, was sold for eighteen hundred francs.

A roughly-made wooden horse, with a broken nose and one leg missing, authenticated as having belonged to the great Napoleon when he was a baby, went for two thousand francs.

OUR JOKE DEPARTMENT.

Appropriate Christmas Presents.



Hotel Waiter—"Shall I take your order now, missy, or will you wait till your mamma comes in?"

Little Girl—"I wish you'd take it now. Mamma never orders anysing 'cept wat's good for me."

Mother—"Mercy me! You've been in swimming too long. Your teeth are chattering."

Little Son—"They—is—is—loose anyhow."

Mamma—"What under the sun are you doing with little Dot's clothes on?"

Little Dick (despondently)—"Well, Dot said she wanted to be in th' fashion, an' she's gone off with all of mine."

Advised Him to Clear.

A gentleman in a restaurant, who desired to get the best that the place afforded, drew a silver coin out of his pocket and gave it to the waiter before he had ordered anything.

"Here is your fee," said the customer. "Now I want to know, in all confidence, what you can recommend."

The waiter pocketed the coin.

"You want my honest advice, eh?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Well," said the waiter, in a confidential whisper, "I should recommend—another restaurant!"

Out of the Pan.

Sea Captain—"Yes, I want a boy, but I think you look like a runaway. Now ain't ye? Didn't you run away from home?"

Boy—"Ye-ye-y-e-s, but I couldn't help it. They was goin' to send me to a dentist to have six teeth filled."

"They was, was they? Well, I'd a run off, too. I don't believe in fillin' teeth."

"N-o, sir, I don't either."

"Of course not. You come on board with me, and if anything's wrong with your teeth, th' carpenter can take 'em out with a monkey-wrench."

Boy went home.

Hospital Visitor—"And so you got run over while crossing Broadway. What caused the accident?"

Boy—"My not havin' eyes in th' back o' me head."

Mother—"How did you get so wet? Did you fall overboard?"

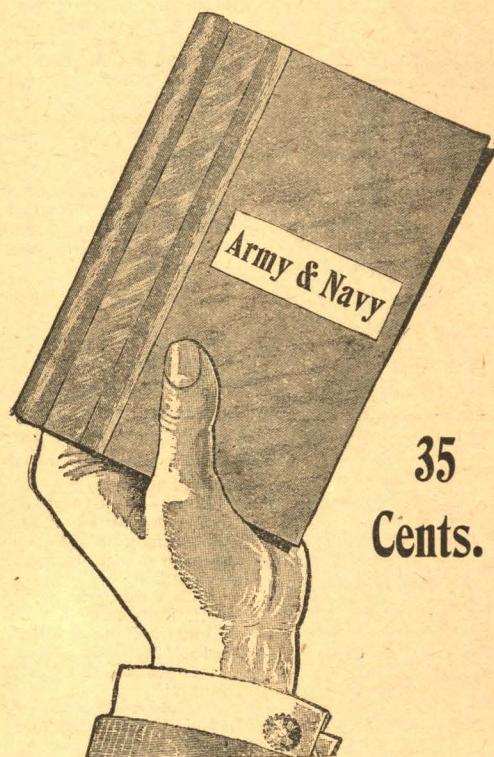
Little Dick—"Dumno. It rained so hard out there I couldn't tell whether I was overboard or not."

A pitman, describing to some of his mates his first trip to sea, said: "A heavy storm came on a'e night, an' the captain cried out in a loud voice, 'All hands on deck!' So, chaps, I walked upstairs and lays baith hands on deck. An' what div ye think, man? The beggars stamp on ma fingers!"

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